The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston July 22, 1922 Chicago

Our Thinking

To think, alone will save our souls, and save
Society, while not to think is sin,
And damns your fellow man as sure as fate.
The most atrocious crimes in history
Were perpetrated by "good" men, cock-sure
That they obeyed divine injunctions, laws
Laid down by fiat, which 't were sacrilege
To question. Bloody Marys, Torquemadas,
The whole vile crew Inquisitorial
Were pious to a turn; were sure they served
A holy God while butchering fellow men.
They stubbornly refused to think, or raise
A question of the right or wrong of deeds
That shook high heaven and made of earth a hell.
A race of thinkers is the only hope
Of progress, justice, peace, security.
A code of laws contrived to stifle thought,
And rob men of their freedom to speak out
What they may think, is wicked, monstrous, rank,
Unutterable crime, and measureless,
Unpardonable sin against mankind.
To think is universal human right,
The indefeasible inheritance
Of every human soul. Nor that alone:
To think is duty, highest, first, and last.

Joseph Ernest McAfee.

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

I can imagine that when Christianity really gets going a man will go into business in order to build up a vast concern, not to make money at all, but first of all for the sheer pleasure of doing it; secondly, for providing people with honest goods; and, thirdly, for solving the industrial problem of getting people to work together in a spirit of comradeship and good-will. (*Dr. W. E. Orchard.*)

υ λ

The Democrats of Minnesota have named Mrs. Anna Dickie Olesen as a candidate for United States Senator, the first time a woman has received such a nomination at the hands of a major political party. (*Philadelphia Record.*)

υ λ

The central point of the Church has always been the teaching *about* Christ, rather than the teaching *of* Christ. . . . One of the most remarkable facts in the religious life of to-day is the way in which the non-theological world is rediscovering the teaching of Jesus almost as fast as it is abandoning the teaching of the Church about him. (*Kirsopp Lake.*)

υ λ

At a time when the world is so messy that statesmen find it impossible to handle the difficulties arising from day to day, Senator La Follette discovers that by a process of gradual encroachment the Federal Courts of the country have "wrested sovereignty from the people." He proposes, therefore, an amendment to the Constitution denying the power of lower courts to set aside a Federal law as unconstitutional, and providing for the nullification of any such decision by the Supreme Court by the simple device of re-enactment by the Congress of the statute condemned by the Court. It would seem that there is enough for statesmen to do just now without tampering with the most fundamental thing in our American life. . . . In this hour of the world's pain and travail we should need no Friar Laurence to remind us that "too swift arrives as tardy as too slow." (*Advocate of Peace.*)

υ λ

Every despatch from Europe on the political situation shows a constantly shifting balance of power—now backward-looking Bourbons, who have learned nothing and forgotten nothing, seem to control—then suddenly there is a shift of weight and more liberal and hopeful forces are in the ascendency. It is no longer a war between countries. It is a hardly less passionate struggle between Pan-Chauvinism and Pan-Liberalism. There is not a country in all the world which is not in the grip of such internal conflict. (*Our World.*)

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THE Universalist Leader

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

The coward's plea: "It will last my time."

* *

Tears from the heart are better than laughter from the lips.

* *

Many a man careful lest he step into a trap gets caught by his tongue.

* *

The strength of Sampson was puerile compared to the love of a mother.

* *

He who is ashamed of the cause he advocates is a liability rather than an asset.

* *

The leader who can not cry, "Come on," with his whole heart, had better go to the rear.

* *

A friendship founded on business is a good deal better than a business founded on friendship.

* *

Be a little chary of hitting people with words, for you can not call back the word that is uttered.

* *

Those who go to hear a fine service only once a year should try the experiment of eating an annual meal.

* *

We would not send a wolf to take care of a lamb, but into what sort of keeping do we consign our children?

* *

Do not cut down the tree which gives you shelter or food in adversity just because it is in the way of your new automobile!

* *

It takes more courage to turn back than to go forward, but backward is often the way of wisdom, if we would get forward.

* *

Young people forget a mother's goodness and despise a father's wisdom, but behold, they are punished by their own children.

* *

Alas, it is too true that, while he who steals because he is hungry is despised among men, he who steals by profiteering is often ranked as of good repute.

* *

You can't cut sentiment out of business. Without sentiment there would be no business, and not much of anything else worth while.

* *

It is a sad day for the ministry when a minister deserts to accept double the salary he could ever expect to receive from the Church; but still more sad when the general verdict is, "I do not blame him!"

* *

The Return of Christianity to Christ

In his little but big book on "The New Horizon" President Faunce reveals the enlarged mission of the Church. He quotes Jesus as saying, "I am not sent to save the lost sheep of the House of Israel," and then, recovering the full majestic sweep of his highest conception, he cries, "I am the light of the world." It is interesting to watch the unfolding of the Christian mind; leaping forth from all racial and theological restraints, we are in the stimulating control of a true internationalism, the universal Fatherhood of God and the universal Brotherhood of Man. And all this is not a drift away from Christ, but really back to the feet of the Master. Wherever there is an awakened sense of brotherhood in any human relation, it is reaching back to Christ; wherever there is sounded anew the Fatherhood of God, again it is the reaching back to Christ. The way to go forward in human progress is to return to the Christianity of Christ.

An Essential in Equipment

Every missionary should have as an essential part of his equipment at least a dozen, far better two dozen, perpetual subscriptions to his Church paper, which he can distribute through the proposed parish, not by hand, but sending them as regular subscriptions through the mail, and shifting them about as it seems wise. The people in the new parish are not conscious of the fact that they belong to a big family scattered all over the country; they have the sense of being a peculiar people, and live continually under a sense of suspicion. It requires courage to be connected with a small mission in a city of large churches. It shows that there is still in the heart of some people a spark of the heroic. Now it is much easier for these mission people if they become familiar with the members of their own Church family, and especially if they know what the other members of the family are doing and how they are doing it. Therefore we are saying that in some way every missionary should have at his dis-

posal a number of subscriptions to our Church paper to place regularly in the homes of his people, until they get the habit. Here is where great missionary work can be done by our people everywhere by endowing subscriptions. With fifty thousand of these subscriptions we could multiply our missionary efficiency many times. And there is not a church in our fellowship which could not with fifty dollars perpetuate forever its missionary endeavor, and we have thousands of people who can if they will establish a perpetual missionary.

* *

ARE YOU IN THE FIRM?

TWO questions we would project in the minds of the laity: First, are you in the firm with your minister and other members formed to carry on the church to a successful issue? Second, is the firm an established institution to be perpetuated for the service it renders? We find the occasion for these questions in the common practise of the laity of thinking when they have hired a minister that their work is done, and they can sit down and see what the new minister will do. Usually he does well for a little time; he is new, and his new methods attract attention, but it does not take very long for the newness to wear off, and then when there comes a slump, the instinctive thought of the laity is that there must be a new minister.

It would be a good idea if some of these laymen were to try the policy in their business! There have been some sensational ministers who have drawn the crowds, but history records very few instances of enduring results; they and their inflated parishes lead a short but a merry life. Whereas when the laity join forces with even a slow minister, they build up an institution which endures and serves; ministers may come and ministers may go, but the church goes on forever. A minister can not run a church without the laity any more than the laity can run a church without the minister.

These two are the parties to the partnership and to the great responsibility, useless each without the other. If the laity sit back telling the minister to go ahead and build a big church, they are courting disastrous failure. The minister has a right to time and co-operation; his best work is not in the full flush of the beginning, but when he has learned his field and his people. We recall how more than a dozen years ago there was a pessimistic brother who thought that his pastor was about done in his usefulness, and yet that pastor was just beginning, and the next dozen years made that church stronger than ever in its history, and one of the strongest in the denomination.

The church is not a one-man or one-class institution; it is not running an auction sale or a bargain counter! It is a firm established for the doing of the Lord's work in the world, and every mother's son and daughter, from the minister up or down, is in the firm. And if we secure a general manager in the form of a pastor, we are to give him time to develop and apply his policy, and we are all to help as members of the firm.

The life and work of our church is something that is stable, lasting. The church is not here to-day and gone to-morrow. Neither should the minister be. Our really strong churches are the result of long-continued efforts of a pastor with whom there are enlisted all the personal forces of the parish. Instead of thinking you can get out of work and save money by making a change in your minister, just get right down to business and give the one you have the time he needs, and the equipment he needs, and the personal help he needs, and he will put the old church on the map, far better than any new experimenter.

If you would really help as a member of the firm, consider these "dont's" from the *Christian Advocate:*

> Don't visit. Worship.
>
> Don't hurry away. Speak and be spoken to.
>
> Don't stop in the end of the pew. Move over.
>
> Don't monopolize your hymn book. Be neighborly.
>
> Don't wait for introductions. Introduce yourself.
>
> Don't choose the back seat. Leave it for late comers.
>
> Don't dodge the collection plate. Pay what you are able.
>
> Don't criticise. Remember and think on your own frailties.
>
> Don't stare blankly while others sing, read, pray. Join in.
>
> Don't leave without praying God's blessing upon all present.
>
> Don't sit while others stand or kneel. Share in the service.
>
> Don't sit with your hand to your head as if worshiping hurt you.
>
> Don't dodge the preacher. Show yourself friendly.

* *

TWO FAREWELLS AND A WELCOME

THE International Sunday School Association is no more. The Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations is no more. The International Sunday School Council of Religious Education now has the field.

At a convention held in Kansas City and attended daily by from eight to ten thousand people, and nightly by fifteen thousand, the largest and perhaps the most important Sunday school gathering ever held, the two older organizations surrendered their separate existence and merged for the sake of Christ's Kingdom. Both the Association and the Council have rendered valuable service, and those who have been their faithful workers are deserving of the gratitude of the entire religious world; but the time is at hand to rid ourselves of needless overlapping and rivalry. May the new society have a usefulness long and great in proportion to its somewhat cumbersome title.

Highly important was the selection of a General Secretary to succeed Mr. Marion Lawrance, who retires after thirty-three years of devoted and efficient service. The new Council is wise and fortunate in selecting Dr. Hugh S. Magill, who has been Field Secretary for the National Education Association. He is a friendly man, with a genius for organization.

The relation of the new body to the Liberal Churches has not been discussed, and it is better that the issue should not be raised at the present time. Assurance is given, however, that any fellowship and co-operation that was granted by the International Association will be continued as a matter of course.

The John Murray Lecture Tour of New Hampshire and Vermont

The Rev. George F. Fortier

THIS is a tale of stormy days, of muddy roads, of lowering skies, of laboring cars, but with sunshine at the journey's end.

The second annual tour of the John Murray Lectureship forces opened at Winchester, N. H., on Sunday, June 25. The members of the team were the Rev. Frank O. Hall, D. D., Murray Lecturer, Richard Billings, vice-president of the Universalist General Convention, the Rev. Charles R. Tenney, D. D., song leader, and the Rev. George F. Fortier, Superintendent of Churches for New Hampshire, Vermont and Quebec. In addition there were in the party Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Fortier and Mildred, Mrs. William View and Miss Inez Watkins.

On Sunday morning it rained and it thundered and it lightened. Dr. Hall and Mr. Billings opened up the campaign at Winchester, Dr. Tenney not joining the team until evening, and Mr. Fortier taking the opportunity of preaching in the morning at East Lempster, where twenty-six years before he preached his first sermon upon the last Sunday in June, and joining the team at Winchester for the afternoon service. The meeting at Winchester had been thoroughly organized by the Rev. E. R. Walker, the pastor, and, despite the rain, gave us one of the largest audiences of the trip. In the absence of Dr. Tenney, a song leader had been secured from Keene, and one of the incidents of the meeting was the singing of a hymn composed by this leader and dedicated to Mr. Billings, the railroad man of the party. Winchester was a fitting starting point for the campaign. Both the speakers and the audience felt the charm and the power of the beautiful church. It was a consecration service. Delegations were present from neighboring New Hampshire and Vermont churches. At the close of the meeting the party went on to Brattleboro, where it was possible to stop for two nights.

On Monday morning we began the climb which leads to the delightful little town of Wilmington, in the valley where Hosea Ballou, 2d, was born. Here another of the more successful meetings of the trip was held. The Rev. F. M. Bissell, the long-time pastor at Wilmington, bishop of the countryside, had made all preparations. Delegations were present from Brattleboro, Jacksonville and Williamsville. The Wilmington people entertained us in their usual generous manner at noon, and after the meeting we were entertained at the home of Mr. Martin Brown until time for us to return to Brattleboro. It was at the meeting at Brattleboro that an offer was made by one of our Vermont men who became interested in the announcement of the attempt to open the Plymouth, N. H., church that he would become responsible for one-fourth of the salary of any pastor placed at Plymouth.

With all the hospitality and friendliness displayed at Wilmington, there was an undercurrent of anxiety and sadness among the people as the future of our church was discussed. An enormous dam is being constructed across the river a few miles below Wilmington. The completion of this project probably means the doing away with the little railroad which connects the town with the main railroad at Hoosac Tunnel. The future of the town is problematical, but just the same it didn't seem quite necessary that even mild-mannered Dr. Tenney should speak so repeatedly during the day of the dam project. By the way, we should mention that it rained on Monday.

On Tuesday, it rained. None the less the team started in due season for Alstead, N. H. On the way we stopped at the summer home of Dr. Clarence E. Rice, expecting to find him and add him to the party. He wasn't there, and Dr. Hall got even by picking a rose for each member of the party and taking away all of the view he could carry. At Alstead, we found a typical country parish, with a long and honorable record, doing a splendid rural work under the leadership of Rev. Alven M. Smith. Our audience was not large, but it was a good audience considering the size of the country from which we had to draw, and every member of it knew why he was there. An innovation here was the bringing in of the children to the afternoon meeting. Dr. Tenney was drafted to make a special address to them. At the evening meeting a local orchestra helped immensely in the music. The Alstead parish entertained the members of the team and such local people as found it convenient at supper in the church vestry. From Alstead the party went on to Bellows Falls, Vt., for the night.

On Wednesday, it rained. Early we started for East Lempster, N. H., the birthplace of Dr. A. A. Miner and a town which has sent many ordained preachers and given many more lay preachers to our Church. A tinge of sadness was brought to this meeting by the absence of Hon. Hosea W. Parker, president of the New Hampshire Convention, who had looked forward to this occasion from the first planning of the trip, but who was prevented from being present by serious illness. Hon. Henry H. Metcalf of Concord, N. H., a native of Lempster and who first heard the message of Universalism in the little chapel where the service was held, was present. The meeting at Lempster was not a great success from the standpoint of numbers. There was little hope of obtaining an audience from Lempster itself. Only a few people are there. The rain prevented the people coming from surrounding towns for whom we had hoped. The meeting was delayed by a village funeral held in the church across the way. But the meeting was not altogether a failure. Dr. Hall delivered a magnificent address and we feel sure that all of the members of the party gained something of inspiration from the spirit of a place which has given so much to our Church. From Lempster we went on to Springfield, Vt., stop-

ping on the way at Claremont, N. H., to inquire for Judge Parker.

On Thursday, it rained. The meeting at Springfield was to have been held on the site of the original Universalist church building on Parker Hill, but the weather prevented and we met at the Springfield church. The Rev. George H. Welch is just beginning his pastorate here and is making good. The meeting at Springfield was not large. Dr. Tenney introduced an innovation at this meeting by calling upon the people to ask questions concerning the Murray Lectureship, and a good deal of interest was manifest. We remained at Springfield over night.

On Friday, it was fair. Fooled you, didn't we? It was a wonderful morning as we started on our thirty-five miles trip over Reading Hill and through Woodstock Gulf for Barnard, the site of the first parish of Hosea Ballou. Our meeting had been combined with the annual meeting of the Green Mountain Association and the combination had brought out a splendid audience representing nine parishes. This meeting was perhaps the liveliest gathering of the trip. The whole affair was in the hands of the Rev. W. C. Harvey of Bethel, who had worked it up in good shape. Dr. Tenney again gave the people a chance to question concerning the purpose of the Murray Lectureship, and a great deal of interest was shown. At the close of the meeting, Mrs. Henry T. Brown of Ludlow expressed her belief in the benefit of such affairs to the small parishes, and called for a rising vote of thanks to the lecturers of the day.

From Barnard we went on eighty-five miles to Morrisville, in order that Dr. Hall might raid the trout brooks and test the golf links for our free day on Saturday, but on Saturday it rained and the brooks were bank full and the links were wet.

On Sunday it rained. Leaving Dr. Hall at Morrisville, where he preached in the morning to one of the largest congregations of the trip, we went on to Glover. Dr. Tenney as a native of Glover had been invited to preach at the Federated Church of which Rev. John Kimball is pastor. For the afternoon we went into the hall of the old Orleans Liberal Institute, where we had delegations from Morrisville, Lyndonville and St. Johnsbury. By this time, however, the roads were becoming something tremendous, and we did not draw the audience that a denominational gathering in this north country usually attracts. From Glover Dr. Hall and Mr. Billings went on to St. Johnsbury and Dr. Tenney and the Superintendent returned to Morrisville for over Monday. On Monday it rained, and in the evening the Unicorn started out to conquer Walden Heights on the way to Woodsville. For twenty years, with car and horse we have been driving the roads of Vermont, but they had reserved for this occasion their most outrageous exhibition. The Unicorn swam and dived, sometimes it floated, but never did we touch bottom from Hardwick to Danville. But we got there just the same.

On Tuesday, the glorious Fourth of July, it rained. Reads were washed out, bridges were gone, mud was deep. Mr. Billings, despairing, took to the railroad. He thought, being a director of the road, that he could direct the weather on the road. But he couldn't. It took him an hour and a half longer to travel by train than it took us to travel by car. But we held our meeting. It was not a large meeting. Every one in Woodsville works for the railroad and has a pass, or hates the railroad and owns an automobile. Passes and cars were all in use on the Fourth. None the less it was a fine audience which gathered, and Dr. Hall in the afternoon delivered a wonderful patriotic address which was one of the gems of the trip. From Woodsville, we went to Barre for the night. Whole sections of the road were gone, bridges were washed away, crops were covered with water, and it rained while we were climbing the slippery heights of Orange. But we got there without a single mishap.

On Wednesday, it didn't rain, and it didn't rain any more on the trip, except for an occasional shower just right to keep the dust down. At Barre, we joined with the Central Association for the annual meeting, and in the parlors at Goddard Seminary and, as they grew too small, in the Assembly Hall at the top of the building and close to heaven, we had a splendid meeting. The Unitarian parish at Montpelier, the Federated parish at Richmond and seven Universalist parishes of this vicinity were represented at the meeting. Hon. James B. Estee of Montpelier, president of the Central Association, delivered a splendid address on "The Duty of the Church in Establishing Universal Peace," Mr. L. P. Brigham of the Laymen's League of the Unitarian Church gave one of the finest addresses of the tour and the Rev. H. G. Mann of our church at Northfield also delivered an address, in addition to the addresses of the visiting team, but the people stood it well.

On Thursday morning bright and early we started for South Strafford, the summer parish of the Rev. H. F. Fister of Massachusetts. The South Strafford parish, situated so that it would not naturally draw from other than its own strength, had made thorough preparations for the gathering. We had a fine audience all day and the spirit of hospitality upon the part of the Strafford people was very manifest. The parish entertained the members of the team at "The Green Roof" in a splendid fashion. After dinner a short sight-seeing trip was indulged in. The old church at Strafford village is one of the marvels of early Vermont architecture. It should be restored and preserved. Our church at South Strafford is one of the gems of the state.

On Friday we went on to Hartland Four Corners, the only Vermont parish which ever had the honor of entertaining a national body of the denomination. Here, previous to the organization of the United States Convention, a national gathering was called looking forward to that end. The church at Hartland is well equipped for rural work, with a good church building, a hall for entertainments under its control and now a parsonage left by a loyal member of the parish. Here the people turned out in goodly numbers and aided by delegations from Woodstock and Windsor gave us a splendid meeting.

On Friday evening we went to Claremont for an open-air meeting at the public square. The meeting at Claremont was not a success.

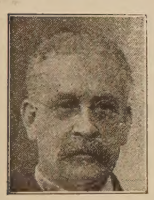
Taking Saturday for the trip to Plymouth, N. H., we held no meeting. Dr. and Mrs. Hall were enter-

tained while at Plymouth by Mrs. McCoy, who also most generously opened her house for the luncheon served to all members of the team on Sunday noon. The meeting at Plymouth was the most important of the entire trip, and we think it was entirely successful. The audience was entirely of local people, the delegations which we had expected from other places doubtless being kept away by the condition of the roads. The church building at Plymouth had not been opened for a long time and regular services have not been held for a period of ten years. The people at Plymouth had patched the roof and had thoroughly cleaned the building for this occasion. In the morning we had an audience which comfortably filled the church and in the afternoon nearly as good. We are handicapped in Plymouth to some extent by two facts. First, the movement is so comparatively new that the church is not upheld by the traditions which exist in older places. Secondly, a liberal Congregational clergyman has satisfied the demand of our people to some extent for liberal preaching. This clergyman was present at the afternoon service. He had done the gracious thing by giving notice of the meeting and urging his people to be present at the service. However, they were not present to any great extent, indicating perhaps that the satisfaction with Congregational liberalism is more complete than any acceptance of Universalism. Mr. Fortier preached at the morning service, giving his reasons for believing that we should have a real liberal church at Plymouth, Mr. Billings spoke in the afternoon upon "Life's Jewels," and Dr. Hall gave a wonderful address upon the subject "Sticking to Our Job." The meeting will have its results.

I do not know that we shall be able to reopen the Plymouth church. There is little doubt that we have the people, one of the finest groups that I have seen anywhere. There is little doubt that we can raise the money. Already, as we have said before, one-fourth of the pastor's salary is assured. The two great drawbacks are (1) apparently a lack of the spirit of missionary enterprise upon the part of our people in the state of New Hampshire, the adoption of a definite missionary policy, and (2) a certain tendency upon the part of our people at Plymouth not to undertake the work on the comparatively humble lines on which it must be undertaken. Yet we discovered half a dozen families or more which have moved into Plymouth since the church was closed. We found a church building which if sold must be sold at a tremendous sacrifice. We found a large normal school to which our girls are coming from many towns. And we found that all the liberal preaching and all the liberal spirit of the town is confined to one clergyman who is too big a man to remain in his present parish for any length of time. The people at Plymouth are to think over the situation until September, when the Superintendent will again visit them that he may carry their message to the New Hampshire State Convention at Concord.

At Plymouth, the expedition was broken up and the second annual tour was over. We had traveled exactly one thousand and five miles, we had spoken in fifteen different places despite the almost constant rain, we had not canceled a single date or abandoned a single meeting. It may be difficult exactly to compute the value of these tours, it would probably be impossible to do so in dollars and cents, but they are worth all the expense and all the energy that is put into them.

Front Porch Studies



THIS one is in Boston, and it is not much of a porch compared to the broad expanse and wide-reaching view and the caresses of unfailing sunshine in collaboration with balmy breezes I am used to. It is not a porch at all, but just three windows, a bay or bow window, very comfortable to sit in, and very interesting to look out of. For this is Boston, one of the birthplaces of America, and this particular spot is on the edge of the "Fenway," a link in the chain of beautiful parks through which Boston breathes. And this park is beautiful. Though in the heart of the city, I am looking out into a forest, such as you might find anywhere in New England, save there are no pines and hemlocks and spruces, but there are maples, and beeches and ashes, and there is one basswood, which I have not seen for, lo, these many years. It is good to see them; it is better to look through and over them. Underneath, the ground is upholstered with green plush, where the children from the big houses on one side, and the little apartment homes on the other, come to play, and to classify themselves just as their parents do—under one tree there is the aristocracy of riches or talent, under another, near by, the democracy of bubbling life. But "never the two shall meet;" there is a no-man's land between which they may not cross. And yet this old city, old for America, is going through a process of amalgamation which will produce—what?

Just over this little forest lifts the green skylight and the red tiling of Mrs. Jack Gardner's Italian Palace. This is one of the institutions of Boston which has megaphone announcement from every sightseeing car. Mrs. Jack Gardner is another 'institution," though not on exhibition. A woman of great wealth, she has done much to raise the artistic taste of the city. She gave the little park into which I am looking, and where the children of the rich and poor come to play, and she built no fence around it, and all can go through it, or look through it, to where winds a little river edged with grasses and brakes and flowers, where people wander along the banks to watch the waterfowl, and lovers come to sit on the banks—and do not watch the waterfowl!

The palace is a marvel outside and in. I look at the outside every day, or as much of it as I can, for it is surrounded by a high stone wall, and a row of Lombardy poplars screens it from the public gaze. It is all very Italian, especially the poplars, which might have been transplanted directly from the roads and lanes of Northern Italy, yet they have become acclimated and are at home, lifting their tall heads proudly amid the rigors of the New England climate.

The palace itself is distinctly Italian in its architecture, which means that it is not beautiful to the non-classic eye, but it is easy to see that it makes possible the abundant rooms and galleries within, wherein to house the artistic treasures which the owner has gathered and which occasionally she exhibits to invited guests. Mrs. Gardner has not called on me, nor has she invited me to drop in and see her, though we are very near neighbors; she has not even spoken to me over the wall! But whether she is there or in her other beautiful house out in Brookline, it does not matter, I know she has contributed her bit to a new Boston which is on the way.

I do not resent her unneighborliness; I do not envy her her possessions. I am glad other people have to bear the burden and responsibilities of wealth and not I, and I know they can not wall people out without walling themselves in—no one can cut a little piece out of the world without cutting himself off from the world. Mrs. Gardner has made her contribution to America in some of the richest treasures of Italy, and America has made recompense in material goods to Italy. There is an evening up of all things personal and international by time, the great leveler, which levels both up and down.

Just a little way across the park and through the business section of the city, and there is another Italian phase. In the old North End, where once dwelt the rich and stately earlier settlers, and whence many came to cast the English tea into the harbor to proclaim their independence, there has been a change; those early Yankees removed to higher levels, both geographical and social, and a new race came in to take their place. From old Ireland they flowed in until a great community of Irish was there, and they waxed strong politically until their members swayed the politics of old Boston, and filled the municipal and state and national offices. And then the Irish moved on, and right on their heels came the children of Italy. I say children advisedly, for, walking through that section now, it appears that the houses and the streets are literally swarming with children, mostly ragged and begrimed with dirt, yet universally running over with happiness. But here is the curious and significant fact: As you go down through the historic section you come to the old North Church, from the window of which streamed the light of the lantern which was the signal that sent Paul Revere on his famous ride to Lexington and Concord. And there in front of the old church you will find a little Italian boy who will politely invite you to listen as he tells the story. And he tells it well; he not only knows the facts, but has caught its spirit, he is already being Americanized. From this great surging mass of humanity America will learn the lesson of frugality, and how to be happy with nothing. At least I hope it may be so. These charges who have been thrust upon us, or have come with our consent, spell opportunity, if we are wise enough to grasp it.

And yet another phase: In a hospital just over the other side of the Fenway—were it not for the trees I could see it from my improvised Front Porch—there is a teacher and nurse and general executive who is a remarkable product of something. She was born in America of Italian parents; she went through our public schools and then through the best of our technical schools, and, strange to say, was not injured by them! That is, without destroying the best of Italy she added on the best of America, and behold a woman of rare clarity of mind, warmth of heart, integrity of character, and a temperament tuned to the best in humanity and a disposition which lives cheerfulness even when in the shadow! America has done a good deal for her, but she is doing more for America.

While I write there comes another from that ancient land. He is trundling a machine piano, and for a very small sum he regales the children of the neighborhood with music that is good despite the defects in execution. He is jolly, he is optimistic; the time is not far away when he will exchange his music box for a fruit wagon, and then a store. Perhaps that is as far as he will go, but his children with their quick, responsive minds have no limitations. America is theirs; the world is theirs.

And so from this Front Porch in cold New England, which just now is so hot and sticky I long for the freshening breezes of Miami, I am looking through the trees and seeing a vision of human brotherhood realized, to which each person and each nation, no matter what the situation, is to make a contribution. It is a great thing to be a part of such a wonderful creation. It is a great thing to be a partner of God in creating.

F. A. B.

The Papers of John Pererin

XLIII The Spirit in the Wheels

IT is a good Sunday afternoon's recreation to try to work out the symbolism of the first chapter of Ezekiel. Under the figure of the four living creatures, Ezekiel is drawing a sort of composite picture of life as a whole. For him, life has four main kingdoms—the human, typified by the man's face, *the wild beast*, typified by the lion, *the beast of the field*, typified by the ox, and *the bird of the air*, typified by the eagle. All of these are informed and governed by a single spirit—the spirit of life (observe the marginal reading). The wheels seem to signify the processes of life; and the processes are impelled and controlled by the same spirit. And you may infer, if you choose, from the symbolism of the chapter that the prophet intends to convey a vision of life as a single whole, but under a variety of forms, and to suggest the universality as well as the essential unity of its processes. But it is the peculiar quality of symbolism of this kind, whether you find it here or in the Apocalypse or in Blake's prophecies or in John Bunyan's Holy War, that no single line of interpretation covers the whole ground. No single key opens every door into the writer's meaning. And certainly here the ultimate meaning is not reached until we have connected up the symbolism of the latter part of the chapter. For there we are led to the final source of

the spirit of life in God. The noise of the wings of the four living creatures was like the voice of the Almighty, and the spirit of life that was in the wheels was none other than the Spirit of God.

Now it would be possible to find here a starting point for a discussion of some important matters—as, for instance, the doctrine of the Divine Immanence, or the doctrine of Evolution, or indeed if we took the symbolism of the wheels very literally, remembering that wheels revolve, we might even find some suggestions concerning revolution. But I want to narrow the issue to a more immediate and practical point, and to go somewhat beyond a strict interpretation of Ezekiel's symbols. I want to think specially of the wheels of human life, of the main processes by which life is maintained among men. And of God in these wheels of human life.

There is a sense in which we may say that God is always present in all the processes of life—that is what we mean when we speak of the Divine Immanence. That is also what we mean by saying that we live in a moral universe, a universe which reflects and embodies the nature of God. Your poets and seers will tell you that they find this presence in all things that are. William Blake once said, "When I look upon the rising sun, what do I see? A round disc of fire—Oh no! no! but a great multitude of the heavenly host, saying Holy, Holy, Holy!" You will remember Mrs. Browning's line about "every common bush aflame with God," and Francis Thompson's flaming affirmation that he saw his God, "lo there, lo here, ah me, lo everywhere!" And it is a somewhat singular and suggestive reflection how much more easily the poets have been able to see God in nature than in man. William Blake indeed speaks of the "human form divine;" and it is (by the way) not impossible that he got the idea from this chapter, where the throne is occupied by the likeness of a man. One or two others there are who have spoken of the divinity of man; but on the whole the revelation of God in man has not been so obvious as the revelation in the beauty and power of nature. And the reason is not far to seek; for man of all God's creatures is the only one who can deny his God and drive Him out of his life. This is indeed the tragedy of our race, that, choosing our own will rather than His, we have hidden Him from ourselves and from one another, when we should see the Shekinah gleaming on the breast of every common man and every passing face aflame with God. And yet we can not get away from God. Soon or late we come upon Him. I have read somewhere that the man who first discovered and said "Honesty is the best policy," was a business man who had had his fingers burned in a crooked transaction. He had made the t emendous discovery that the universe was a moral thing, and a living thing which turned upon those who didn't play the game according to the rules; he had found that God was in the wheels. I sometimes wonder whether the market-place has not been a more effectual school of morals than the Church. At least it seems ordained that we have to learn the things that belong to our peace through our broken hearts and our burnt fingers. Alas that we should be such dull scholars! And yet how many of us have not learned in our own experience that if we sow the wind we reap the whirlwind? Have we not learned from history and observation a hundred times that

> "The moving finger writes, and having writ
> Moves on. Not all your piety or wit
> Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
> Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

No, God is in the wheels. "Whither shall I go," cried the Psalmist, "from thy spirit? Oh whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up to heaven thou art there; if I make my bed in Sheol thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy right hand lead me and thy right hand hold me." But remember that He is always there in the wheels, yet not to crush us; and it is His very love that lets our hands be burned and our hearts be broken. For by all this He means to bring us back to Himself. He is in the wheels as the Love that will not let us go, the love that like a "hound of heaven" in Francis Thompson's daring image is forever pursuing us that it may capture us and bring us back to His own heart. We sometimes think of religion as seeking God, but that is only a part of it; the other and the greater part is that God is seeking us—pursuing us "down the days and down the nights," "down the arches of the years," "down the labyrinthine ways of our own minds"—seeking like the shepherd until He find us.

* *

But there is another sense in which God is *not* in the wheels, unless we (if one may so speak) put Him there. For it is a way we have to take the running of the wheels into our own hands and run them for ends of our own that are not God's ends. If I understand this symbolism of Ezekiel aright, the ends of God for this world are the increase and the unity of life; and when we subordinate the wheels to private, selfish, particularist, sectional ends, we are expelling God from the process of life. And we do (and it is useless to deny it) make the wheels run the wrong way—and for our pains ride them to disaster.

Take the wheels of government, for instance. In the central lobby of the British House of Commons there is inlaid in the tiles in Latin a verse from the Psalms, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain who build it." And it has always seemed to me a very great thing that there in the very center of the British Empire there should be so noble a confession of faith. But it would be a very blind patriotism indeed that would affirm that the British have always lived up to this noble *credo*, that they have not made again and again the tragic mistake of identifying ends that they desired with the ends of God. But it is not they alone who have done these things. Here you have the besetting sin of all statecraft—at its worst, serving

> "Thy cruel patriarchal pride,
> Planting thy family alone,
> Destroying all the world beside,"

and ever since the days of Macchiavelli, subordinating truth and the moral order to the exigencies of selfish and exclusive policies. And yet the God without whom we build the house in vain is the One God and Father of us all, who is in us all, the God who has made

of one all nations of the earth; and it is upon this foundation alone that the house of life can be safely built, the only house which the Lord will build with us. God is in the wheels of no government save that which proceeds upon the postulate of an inviolate and universal human unity. Any form of class legislation, the exaltation of nationality above humanity, any policy which serves the part against the whole, drives God out of the wheels, and soon or late ends in failure and disaster—for it is untrue to the ultimate nature of things.

And in the same way, God may be driven out of the wheels of commerce. The whole fabric of commerce rests upon a social need; its foundation is the common human need of food, drink, shelter, clothing, heat and light; and, springing from this social need, it should be a constructive and creative social source. Yet it is the paradox of commerce to-day that it is commonly accepted that the one adequate driving force and motive of commercial enterprise is personal financial gain. This implies a cynical view of human nature which I vehemently repudiate, and I repudiate it because I know business men who do conceive of their business as a social service and who would rather perish than take a base selfish advantage of the community; and during the war we did see a very general abandonment of private aims in a common social effort. There were indeed a few who were content to fatten and to batten on their country's extremity—that contemptible company who also in peace bring commerce into disrepute. But I do not believe that you can not have great and fruitful commercial enterprise except on a basis of private gain. And I believe, moreover, that we are moving toward a new and better philosophy of commerce. I live in the hope that we may conceive and speak familiarly of commerce not only as a social service but as in a very deep sense a sacramental function, a vocation in which a man may discharge a full Christian ministry, serving his brethren for the love of God. When the philosophy and technique of commerce are informed by a spiritual valuation of life, then business may become the sacrament of religion, the place where a man's religion does most signally manifest itself. After all, there is nothing common or unclean, nothing secular which is not fundamentally sacred, no wheels which are not meant to be wheels of God.

So too with the wheels of industry. For industry is a function of life; and here again we have had a tragical inversion. Industry has been too much subordinated to the production of things at the expense of life; and God has gone out of its wheels. The very conditions of industry have often disabled men from enjoying the things that their industry has created. "The great cry," said Ruskin long ago, "that rises from our manufacturing cities is all in very deed for this—that there we manufacture everything but men. We blanch cotton, we refine sugar, we strengthen steel, we shape pottery, but to strengthen, or to refine, or to shape a single human soul does not enter into our estimate of advantages." Since that time the sharpness of the indictment has begun to wear off, but even yet we conceive too much of industry as a function in the production of wealth, too little as a function in the increase and enrichment of life, and so far the wheels are without God. And yet how gloriously God might be in these wheels! Do you remember the old Scots engineer MacAndrew in Kipling's poem who saw predestination in the stroke of the piston-rod? Yes, God's mind and hand are surely there—in the thrust of the lever, in the pressure of the steam, in the hum of the million machines that make the things that men live by. Yes, God's mind and hand are there—in those wheels—but alas that His love should not be there as well! Every new manufacturing machine that is invented is an extension of the creative impulse of God; would that like the first creation it were also a revelation and an organ of the love of God! And so it might indeed be—if only we lived by the Spirit, if only we ordered life by God's valuation of it. Godless wheels must needs be inhuman wheels; and it is chiefly because God has not been in the wheels of industry, that industry is to-day threatened with a destructive civil war. For war is always the conclusion of selfishness on whatever stage it operates, the fated Nemesis of the self that sets out to take advantage of the whole.

Thus we might go on. The artificiality, the emptiness, the affectation, of social intercourse in our day show how little God is in these wheels—precious wheels whose business is to bring unity and fellowship into life. It moves on a plane so shallow and so trivial that it inevitably breeds decadence and corruption where it might minister to a noble and massive spiritual culture. And there are too the wheels of the home-life—and with God forgotten, they are crushing the home out of existence. Once the home was the focus of life, that pole to which wholesome human instinct turned faithfully from every point of life's compass; but to-day it is hardly more than the dormitory of a group of persons whose vital interests seem to be elsewhere, and until we bring God back into the wheels of home, there will be, there can be, no health in us. And then too there are the wheels of religion, and, paradox though it be, God may even disappear from these wheels. For men may have the form of godliness and yet deny the power thereof; and our acts of worship may be no more than meaningless mouthings in an empty tomb. And the desperate devices which we have used to keep the churches going anyhow seems to show that the power has run out and God is no longer in the wheels.

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This is not cheerful reading, you say. Well, after all, it is the part of wisdom to look facts in the face; and it is the test of faith whether it can face ugly and ominous facts without weakening—nay, even more, whether it can interpret a desperate and difficult position in terms of challenge and opportunity. If what I have written is depressing, it is because I have failed to reach your faith. For these things should stiffen faith, stir it to gird up its loins and brace itself for a great task. There are many and promising signs in the sky; still we are faced with many and ominous evils; and in these we are to discover the measure of our task, the length of the road that lies before us. And yet "they that be for us are greater than they who be against us." And I have not written of immovable evils; for us indeed there are, there can be,

no such things. And here least of all. For if God be not in the wheels, it is not that He is willingly out of them. For you may bank confidently upon this one thing—that there is nothing that God Himself so desires as to come into the wheels of life once more. But He will not force Himself upon us; He made us free and He respects the freedom He has given us. He will save no man against his will; He will not invade our life without our invitation. He comes when we want Him—but not before. And the point at which He must come into these wayward wheels of life is by way of your personal life and mine and by way of our personal relationships. If God is to return into the wheels of international life, it is not alone that He must come into the relationship between, say, France and Germany, but by way of the relationship between you and me. If He is to come into the wheels of commerce and industry, He must find a way not through the tangled relations of massed capital and massed labor, but through our relations to one another at work, the relations between those who work for us and those whom we work for. If He is to return to the wheels of your Church, you must bring him there in your own soul. If He is once more to be the spirit in the wheels of the home, we must think of the home as a place where we can and should seek Him and find Him. There is no short and easy road to that transfiguration of life which we all desire. It can not be done save by souls dedicated and consecrated to it, and who make it their first business to bring God back in power into the wheels of the personal life, those wheels within wheels which Ezekiel saw, the lesser wheels that at last make all the great wheels of the world go round. Once more I say, it is up to you and me; and as the Lord liveth, let us see to it that we do not fail.

The Washington-Tokyo Campaign

Authorized by the Univeralist General Convention and Under the Direction of the National Order of Universalist Comrades

GO AND DO

The Rev. Theodore A. Fischer, D. D.

"WHICH of the three, thinkest thou, proved neighbor unto him that fell among the robbers?" And he said, "He that showed mercy on him." And Jesus said unto him, "Go and do thou likewise."

The story of the Good Samaritan illustrates the commendability of practical goodness and helpfulness. It is easy enough to avow theories which have power of appeal to one's sense of the beautiful and true. It is quite another matter to practise the precepts and principles in our daily living. But saying Lord, Lord, is not sufficient. We must do the will of our Father which is in Heaven. We believe in the Universal Brotherhood of the race—that all men are our neighbors. And to prove ourselves neighbors we must show mercy and kindness and helpfulness to those whom we may help or serve. It seems to me that our Church is in duty bound to do its maximum rather than its minimum in its undertakings in Japan. We can not rest content with what we already have achieved, gratifying as that may be. To show ourselves neighbors—good neighbors—unto the Japanese requires a full hearted endeavor on our part to do for them the best it is within our power to do.

We are assured by our representatives in the field who thoroughly understand the situation that there is urgent need of such a Boys' Home in Japan as we propose the Perin-Cate Home shall be. Such a Home will enable us to render a conspicuous service to the youth of that great nation, destined to play so prominent a part in Oriental and world affairs.

The closing words of the parable are "go and do." They apply to us in this Universalist Church of ours. There can be no holding back or turning away from so important and telling an enterprise. We are in a very real sense proving our Universalism in this campaign. The memory of those faithful ones whose memorial the Home is to be, should and does inspire us to do our best. Because of them and their great contribution of devoted service and because of our own sense of what is fitting and dutiful, we can not doubt the success of our campaign for the funds necessary to carry out the plans we have in view. Who can estimate what it may mean to the Japanese nation to have such a Home in its great metropolis? Who can tell what it may help do toward promoting the feeling of good-will and neighborliness so much to be desired among nations? Who can estimate the beneficial effect upon our own selves of a noble enterprise generously supported and carried out?

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A LIVING MONUMENT

The Rev. Willard C. Selleck, D. D.

I AM glad to add my word of endorsement to the campaign for the Washington Memorial Church and the Home for Boys in Tokyo. All our California pastors and churches are supporting this twofold project, having voted to do so in our recent state convention. In Riverside we have already secured pledges for two-thirds of our quota, and expect to have the remainder before our August vacation; and then we hope to make a gratifying report to Dr. Lowe. If "actions speak louder than words," our deeds will be the best proof of our co-operative interest in this denominational enterprise.

I am frank to confess that when the idea of this Washington church was first broached I had a bit of misgiving. Knowing that the Unitarians were engaged in building a new $300,000 church plant, I wondered for a moment why we could not pool our work with theirs, since their cause and ours are essentially one and we need to conserve resources and make our power reach as far as possible. But further thought showed me that these two sister households of faith, instead of consolidating, need rather to supplement and support each other, especially in so large a city as Washington. Each has its honorable traditions, its wide influence, its loyal constituency; and for either of them to become extinct would be to register another chapter of failure where advance and success should be real-

ized. There is room in Washington for at least two strong Liberal Christian churches, and they may well be splendid allies in a warfare which just now greatly needs to be waged. For there has been no time within my recollection when the message of Liberal Christianity was so pertinent, so potent, and so sorely demanded by the conditions of the age as at the present moment.

Moreover the memorial character of the proposed church will give it distinctive significance. It will be a living monument to a sacrificial service which our people will want to remember throughout all generations. Better than any marble or granite shaft or mausoleum, it will be a working institution, throbbing with the breath of life day by day, year after year; and while it will speak of sacred memories to all who enter the sanctuary, it will inspire to new hopes and aims and deeds, and will draw our people from all over the land into a blessed "unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

We need such a unifying influence, the nation needs it, the world needs it. In building the Washington Memorial Church out of our common faith and love and gratitude, we shall truly and beautifully honor our brothers and sons who served, in one way or another, in connection with the World War, and shall deepen in our hearts those spiritual forces which, please God, shall sometime make an end of all war.

Our whole Church will be dignified by doing this thing. We need specific undertakings, concrete objectives; we need to substantiate our cause and to validate our principles and ideals. When we actually do one and another and another useful thing, unselfish and truly helpful to mankind, we immediately feel that we are justifying our existence. Surely if our Church does not seek earnestly to serve the real needs of the world, the Good Master may well say, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

The proposed Home for Boys in Tokyo appeals to me even more strongly. It will strengthen the Japan Mission in a most vital and practical way. It will be another tangible proof of our sincere interest in the Japanese people, and an immediate means of cementing the bonds of friendship between them and us. Whoever helps to mold the thoughts and ideals of the youth of Japan in the next twenty-five or fifty years will contribute directly and powerfully toward shaping the policies of that nation which is bound to be a leading factor in the new civilization now arising in the whole vast Orient. Our opportunity for usefulness in this single enterprise is almost immeasurable. We must not fail in such a timely, distinctive, and far-reaching service.

Out in the Big World

V The Mother Sea

John van Schaick, Jr.

AT last we have reached the sea, the mother of all life. From day to day we look off on its distant horizons, see the spray dash over the bulkheads, hear the voice of the surf and immerse ourselves in its salt tide.

"O mother sea, O fostress,"

said my friend, quoting Swinburne, as the great breakers rolled in and lifted us—

"O mother sea, O fostress,
What new strand, what new delight
Of waters may this be!"

To swim in on the crest of great waves, to feel the lifting power of the "mother sea" as she bears us along, to crawl out at last on to the warm sand, under the friendly sun, and rest on the bosom of the solid earth—all this is a spiritual as well as a physical delight.

But "the mother sea" commands understanding and obedience. She will not spoil us by changing and relaxing. She wants us to find out the truth and to do the right thing and thus get strong. And we are at the stage of our development where we need the prick and spur of necessity, the pain which follows inaction, the warning of tragedies.

Just up the beach from us, four young priests at a retreat went into the same ocean, but none of them could swim. It is a dangerous shore with a strong undertow and with a set of the current up and down the coast. They did not know it. All at once one of them was missing. There were life guards within a few hundred yards, where we were swimming, a boat, a pulmoter, everything for emergencies, but they spent half an hour looking fruitlessly before giving the alarm. When the life guards came, the body of the young priest had been swept far out to sea and never was recovered.

To know, to keep cool, to act quickly—what value attaches to such qualities. They do not shine like the undying courage which plunges in, takes a desperate chance, and snatches life back from death, but they are the real fundamental things which, in the long run, do most of the saving.

"I hate the sea," said the hero, in Mr. Chambers' "A Fighting Chance." "A man who plays with it must be on his guard every second. To spend a lifetime on it is ridiculous—a life time of intelligent effort against perpetual, brutal, inanimate resistance, one endless, uninterrupted fight, a ceaseless human maneuver against senseless menace."

"I love the sea," said a Belgian. "It is our very life. Our country was made from the sea. It has been defended by the sea. We have called on the mother sea again and again to save us in our extremity. It is the source of all life on earth but it is especially the source of our life."

In all literature, the fear of the sea and the love of the sea show themselves, side by side.

In the old Bible literature there are passages like Jeremiah's: "There is sorrow on the sea. It can not be quiet." And there are noble utterances like the

Psalmist's: "The sea is his and he made it and his hands formed the dry land."

The four great monsters of Daniel's vision and the awful monster of Revelation with his seven heads and ten horns and on his head blasphemy, came up out of the sea.

A very different attitude inspired the old familiar passage, "Oh Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches, so is this great and wide sea."

Bryant writes of "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste," but Keats by the side of the sea gives us the immortal lines:

> "Oh ye who have your eyeballs vex'd and tir'd,
> Feast them upon the wideness of the sea;
> Oh ye, whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude,
> Or fed too much with cloying melody—
> Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
> Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quir'd!"

"And there was no more sea," said John the exile of Patmos. To him it was the symbol of separation from all that he loved.

But when we get down to Kipling and "The Seven Seas" we find the Lord taking it all back. The souls of the jolly, jolly mariners couldn't stand a heaven with neither "lead nor lea."

> "Must we sing forever more
> On the windless glassy floor?
> Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat to open sea."

And the good Lord established the borders of the sea to all eternity,

> "That such as have no pleasure
> For to praise the Lord by measure,
> They may enter into galleons and serve him on the sea."

My sympathy, of course, is with those who love the sea. Born inland, passionately devoted to the hill country, I could easily be one of the partisans who see the superiority of the mountains to the sea, or who write on the sublimity of the forests or prairies, or who praise the majesty of inland rivers. But a Universalist philosophy prevents that. The whole universe is the Lord's, and the fulness of it. Nature prejudices are as stupid and hateful as sectarian prejudices.

We as Universalists have to include within the range of our sympathy and appreciation everything we can see, the seven seas and every continent, everything big the telescope can bring, everything little the microscope can find, every stick and stone and bird and tree and flower and every human being.

So, landlocked as I was in the beginning, I have learned to love the sea. It is the mother of life. It is our old home. It is the place in the evolutionary process whence we have all come.

It is the economic basis of everything. It is a source of wealth. Its food supports a large part of the race. Its rains make all the rest. It is a laboratory where scientists like the late Prince of Monaco discover laws of value to those even who think they hate the sea.

It is the battle ground of all the captains courageous who go out against storm or fog or tide or darkness.

> "All brave captains, and all intrepid sailors and mates,
> And all that went down doing their duty."

It is the great place of adventure and it becomes even more so as we cross it in the air.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, they that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."

And it is the element which more than any other now unites the nations.

Man who ventured out on it in his log canoe or little sailboat might well fear it. We have ships that are leviathans and the old mother sea humbly carries the heaviest of them from land to land.

John on Patmos, looking helplessly across the few miles which separated him from the main land, naturally would picture the golden age as one when such barriers would be removed. But we look at three thousand miles of water as a tie. It will carry our heaviest burdens. It will carry us. It makes it possible for us to go to those we love in other lands. So we cry:

Give us more boats. Give us more travelers. Give us the boys of the world making bridges with their boats. Give us the girls of the world, as the young Countess said, "clasping hands and making a big circle." Give us an exchange of professors and students. Give us visits by men of intelligence and good will. Gradually we will increase the number of those who understand; and with understanding will come brotherhood.

Tokyo Notes

The Rev. Samuel Gilbert Ayres, D. D.

THIS is a very busy part of the year in our mission work in Tokyo. For one thing the weather is pleasant, and as the students are not preparing for examinations, they attend in larger number and more regularly. The more one studies the situation of our mission in Tokyo, the more he is impressed with the opportunity it affords for work with students. Our church building is located on a main thoroughfare in one of the chief business sections of the city. Thousands of students pass the church every week, and hundreds of them must read our various sign boards which advertise our different services. Of these we attract a few, having from twenty to thirty at our regular services, and from sixty to seventy at special meetings. We are not so fortunate with young women. While we can always depend upon the attendance of our Blackmer Home girls at the morning services, we have comparatively few other girls. At best it is not easy to reach Japanese women, but we feel that we ought to have more than at present, and we hope that some way may be found in the near future to help solve this important problem.

Since my last report of our activities, we have had four special services. On April 24 we had a musical, the program being given by our young men

and women under direction of Miss Hathaway and Mr. Matsumoto. Rev. Mr. Terasawa made the address of the evening. About seventy-five attended.

On May 7 we had a special Sunday evening service for college students. It was held in the church auditorium, which was decorated with American and Japanese college flags. Mr. Kawabata and Dr. Ayres made short addresses, telling something about American college life. A couple of college songs were sung by Dr. and Mrs. Ayres. At the close, tea and cakes were served, and a social hour enjoyed. Over eighty attended. Some of our guests were so pleased that they wish us to have a similar meeting each month.

On May 14 Prof. Hoshijima, of the Rikkyo University, spoke on his experiences in studying social conditions in Europe and America. Professor Hoshijima teaches economics at Rikkyo, an Episcopal institution, having a large and growing student body.

On Sunday evening, May 21, a special service for our Sunday school children was held. There was story telling and some special singing. The children brought their friends, and all seemed to have a delightful time of it.

A number of our American Universalists will be interested to know of the marriage of Miss Tei Yasumura, who spent some time in Boston studying music and who, while there, lived with Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins in Salem. She is also one of our Blackmer Home girls, having lived there for a number of years. She was married at our Central Church on Wednesday, May 10, to Mr. Kadzumi Onishi, a rising young banker of Tokyo. Dr. Ayres performed the ceremony, assisted by Mr. Kawabata. At six o'clock there was an entertainment and supper at the Seiyoken Hotel. Baron Sakatani, one of the leading statesmen of Japan, was the guest of honor, and made a felicitous address of congratulation to the young couple, recounting especially the fine record of Mr. Onishi, who on two occasions had been sent to Europe to study financial conditions. Dr. Ayres spoke in behalf of the Mission, paying tribute to the talents and virtues of the bride.

It will be of interest for American friends to know that Mr. and Mrs. Onishi first met on the steamer when they both were returning from America. They fell in love and the marriage was the result. This is not the usual thing in Japan, but we feel that it ought to be, and rejoice that in this case it was. At present Mr. and Mrs. Onishi have gone to China, where Mr. Onishi has charge of Japanese banking interests. We trust, however, that they will return to Tokyo within a short time where we can see more of them, and possibly have their assistance in our work.

We have taken another advance step with our little school, and have started some French classes. Two of our young men are doing the teaching, and at present there is an enrollment of thirty students. In all we have seventy students in our classes, and are happy to report that the large majority of them attend our religious services. Friends who have read the reports concerning the recent earthquakes in Japan have written asking if we were affected in any way. Outside of being shaken up considerably for a couple of minutes we are none the worse for the experience. Some new cracks were made in the Missionary House, but otherwise our property was not damaged in any way. We were fortunate, for in some places the property damage was considerable.

* * *

ST. LAWRENCE COMMENCEMENT

Commencement at St. Lawrence passed off happily. President Sykes was able to report marked progress in his effort to raise $500,000 for the College of Letters and Science. Something less than $200,000 remains to be secured. In addition to this the college has received or will soon receive bequests amounting to more than $200,000. President Sykes both in his baccalaureate sermon and in his remarkably eloquent and inspiring address at the Alumni Luncheon, made it plain that he believed in making the religious element a prominent factor in college life.

St. Lawrence's older sister institution, Tufts College, was very much in evidence, and most ably represented. Dr. Frank O. Hall, of the Crane Theological School, was the speaker before the graduating class of the Theological School, and President John A. Cousens gave the address to the seniors of the college department. The latter was also honored with the degree of Doctor of Laws. Only one other honorary degree was given—Doctor of Divinity— to the genial secretary of the American Unitarian Association, the Rev. Louis C. Cornish.

One of the most interesting developments of the week was the decision of the trustees of the Theological School to engage an additional professor; the number of students and the program of the school practically make this imperative. Endowment for the new chair is to be sought at once; meanwhile provision has been made for the salary.

Commencement week opened Saturday, which was Alumni Day. It was marked by the usual alumni parade and banquet. In the evening, the college dramatic club, the Mummers, presented "Grumpy" under the direction of Prof. Edson R. Miles. The title role in this long play, which was highly appreciated by a large audience, was taken by a theological student, Norman D. Fletcher, who displayed talent little short of the professional. There is no danger of his changing his profession, however.

At the Theological Commencement, Sunday morning, four students graduated. Two, Gustave H. Leining, B. S., and Helene Ulrich, B. A., received the degree of B. D. Harriet E. Druley completed the regular four-years course, and Mary F. Slaughter, B. A., that for a minister's assistant. Of these, Mr. Leining, an able brother of the Providence minister, has not attempted to locate as yet, Miss Ulrich is the assistant minister at the Church of Divine Paternity, New York, Miss Druley is settled at Henderson, N. Y., and Miss Slaughter is to be Dr. Coons' assistant at Haverhill, Mass., the coming year.

After a fitting prayer by the Rev. O. F. Alvord ('84), of Bristol, N. Y., Dr. Hall in his address considered the question "Why the Universalist Church" should be the choice of these graduates. Dr. Hall was suffering from a bad cold the night before, but he seemed to be at his best, and profoundly stirred the audience that filled the church.

The subject of President Sykes' baccalaureate sermon in the afternoon as indicated above was "The Power of Religion," set forth in the earnest, convincing manner characteristic of the preacher. The final words indicate somewhat the spirit of the discourse: "My closing word to you is, enshrine within your hearts a love for Him who is the friend of all mankind. Such a love will clarify your vision, make clear and strong your personal lives and endow you with the power to bless the world by wise and unselfish living. The most precious thing in life is Christian character. It is this which enhances the realm of all your gifts, attainments and possessions. A simple but profound faith in God and His eternal goodness will be to you both a wind to propel and an anchor to hold."

The college chapel, much too small for the student body, as

vell as for special gatherings, was crowded Monday morning to hear the "old grads" speak. They were all in the spirit (college spirit) and spoke briefly, enthusiastically and humorously.

There were sixty-six to receive their baccalaureate degrees at the college Commencement, Tuesday morning. For the first time in the history of the institution, the delivery of college theses was abandoned, and in its stead President Cousens addressed the class in a speech that in its high idealism and in literary quality was most admirable.

The annual alumni luncheon was held Tuesday afternoon. Frank J. Tanner of Buffalo, president of the board of trustees of the Theological School, acted as toastmaster. In addition to President Sykes, whose remarks were referred to before, Dr. Cousens, Dr. Cornish, and several alumni made brief addresses.

The close of this Commencement was greatly saddened by the news of the death of Mr. Arthur F. Griffiths ('97), president emeritus of Oahu College, Honolulu. Mr. Griffiths formerly was prominently mentioned for the presidency of St. Lawrence, and had achieved remarkable success in his work at Honolulu, but as it proved at the cost of his life.

* * *

RHODE ISLAND CONVENTION

The eighty-fifth annual session of the Rhode Island Convention met at the First Church, Providence, of which the Rev. R. R. Hadley is pastor, Wednesday, June 7.

The meeting was called together at ten o'clock by the president, Mr. Charles A. Russell; prayer was offered by Mr. Hadley, and after the appointment of sessional committees, the Rev. Julian S. Cutler of Pawtucket gave the occasional sermon. His stirring message was one needed "in these days when so many people seem to have forgotten to pray." "Because men forget to pray," he emphasized, "they are never at their best." An offering for the Ministerial Relief Fund amounted to $26.85. Mr. Hadley presided at the communion service, assisted by the Rev. H. I. Cushman, D. D., Mr. Daniel C. Goff and Mr. S. Fred Carpenter acting as ushers.

At 11.30 a business meeting was held. The reports of the president, the executive committee, the treasurer, the State Superintendent, the committees on conferences and evangelism, revealed that the year just closed has been one of real growth and achievement for the Rhode Island Convention and the churches which compose it. Greetings from the State Sunday School Association were brought by its president, Miss Carrie E. Crowell, and Miss Florence C. Bullock, representative to the State Sunday School Association from the executive board, also spoke. Miss Dorothy Sampson brought greetings from the Y. P. C. U., and Mrs. Russell from the W. U. M. S.

The afternoon session opened at two o'clock, after a luncheon prepared by the ladies of the church. The Rev. Harold Marshall, D. D., who was among the visitors, was invited to speak; Mr. Daniel C. Goff reported the work of the Anti-Saloon League, to which organization he is our representative; Mr. E. S. Burlingham, president of the State Comrades, outlined the work which the Rhode Island Comrades are accomplishing in the campaign for the Perin-Cate Home and the Washington Church; and Dr. Lowe gave a fine address. After the reports of the Committee on Credentials, the Fellowship Committee and the Auditing Committee were read, officers were elected as follows: President, Charles A. Russell, Providence; vice-president, Rev. Charles P. Hall, Valley Falls; secretary, Fred C. Carr, Providence; treasurer, Carl B. Howland, Providence; trustees, Rev. H. I. Cushman, D. D., East Providence; Mrs. Frank Borden, Pawtucket; Fellowship Committee, Rev. R. R. Hadley, Rev. Arthur M. Soule, Rev. E. D. Ellenwood, J. Everett Thayer, Daniel E. Peckham; trustees for Universalist Publishing House, J. E. Carpenter, three years, Leslie F. Mowry, two years, and Rev. J. S. Cutler, one year. Resolutions adopted included a resolution expressing appreciation to the Providence, First, Church, for its generous hospitality; a resolution congratulating the *Leader* upon securing Dr. van Schaick as associate editor; and a resolution advocating the appointment of a field worker to promote the varied activities of our Church in the state. The Rev. Frederic W. Perkins, D. D., of Lynn, Mass., then gave the final address of the Convention, taking as his subject, "Our Chartered Freedom." It came as a fitting climax to the program of a notable day.

* * *

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN H. BLACKFORD

The Rev. Leroy W. Coons, D. D.

"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." Another of the company of our ministers has come unto his coronation. On the morning of July 6, at his home in the village of Eldorado, Ohio, the Rev. John H. Blackford slipped quietly from this wonderful life to the life he looked forward to as more wonderful. Never a man of great physical strength, yet by following a simple program and spending much time in the open he was enabled to render a large amount of service. For more than twenty years he was the regular pastor of the Eldorado church. And after his retirement from that relation he continued his residence in Eldorado and ministered as occasion demanded in a wide country about his home.

He was ever a student and a thinker. He was well taught in the Scriptures and in the doctrines of his Church. His early ministry was set in that era when controversial preaching was the staple of the pulpit. Largely because of this he became grounded in the essentials of our faith. But Mr. Blackford was even more a student of and a participant in the world's great practical affairs. The problems of politics, industry and education were always alluring to him. Instinctively a reformer, he was constantly moving up to front the conditions of the newer day. This habit kept him intellectually youthful and made him a delightful companion to others interested in the world's complex affairs.

For half a century he was permitted to be the wise counsellor and guide to hundreds in his community. The youth dreaming of a future career and those of maturer years seeking advice upon life's pressing problems never turned to him in vain. One of his "boys," let me bring this brief and inadequate tribute to the memory of a noble man and a faithful servant of the cause of truth.

* * *

DEATH OF THE REV. STANFORD MITCHELL

The Rev. Stanford Mitchell, known so widely as the Singing Evangelist of the Universalist Church, passed away on Thursday, July 6, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. C. Pratt, in Proctor, Vt. He was in his eighty-second year, and had been in failing health for some years.

Brother Mitchell will be joyfully remembered by those who attended the Summer Meetings of Dr. Shinn, where, accompanied by his wife, also a skilled musician, he thrilled and inspired the great congregations with his singing. He not only could sing, he could make others sing; he was a leader. Mrs. Mitchell collaborated with him in producing and publishing some of our best church and Sunday school music.

It was through the ministry of song that he was led into the pulpit and became a very effective preacher of the Gospel of Good News. He held several important pastorates, where constructive work was done. His last preaching was, fittingly, at Round Pond, Maine, where since 1886 he regularly ministered during the summer. There his congregations, from widely scattered places, came to know and love their "summer pastor."

Personally Brother Mitchell was genial, companionable, the soul of integrity, loyal to his faith and his friends. He had been a good minister of Jesus Christ, and we shall remember him with love and gratitude, and the sympathy of our entire Church will be extended to Mrs. Mitchell, who survives him.

A Page of Poetry

A recent issue of *The Nation* tells the tragedy of the young poet Stephen Moylan Bird, who took his life while serving as a cadet at West Point. Bird had enlisted in the navy at the time when the United States had declared war against Germany, and the following fall had received an appointment as a cadet at West Point.

If his life in the navy was galling to him, the discipline at West Point was even more so. Brought up on tales of heroism, he writhed under the feeling that dying for one's country had become a mere affair of business. At the military academy his two roommates became determined, according to their standards, "to make a man of him." As he refused to accept their ideas as to manhood, they changed their tactics and told him they would "give him hell." How well they succeeded we can only guess by the sequel. The young poet first wrote to his mother that he would be unable to stay on, and then in a final letter asked for money that he might return home. Though his mother sat down immediately to send the money, a telegram was brought her announcing that her son had been found shot dead in his room on the first day of the new year.

The following poem reveals the beautiful and fresh spirit of the young poet and the real genius of his ability:

MAY

The Pan-thrilled saplings swayed in sportive bliss,
Longing to change their roots to flying feet;
And, where the buds were pouting for Pan's kiss,
The high lark sprinkled music, dewy sweet.

I wandered down a golden lane of light,
And found a dell, unsoiled by man, untrod;
And, with the daffodil for acolyte,
I bared my soul to all the woods, and God.

* *

A poem by another young poet, J. R. McCarthy, touches upon the same subject:

I know a man who says
That he gets godliness out of a book—

He told me this as we sought arbutus
On the April hills—
Little color poems of God
Lilted to us from the ground,
Lyric blues and whites and pinks.
We climbed great rocks,
Eternally chanting their gray elegies,
And all about, the cadenced hills
Were proud
With stately green epic of the Almighty.

And then we walked home under the stars,
While he kept telling me about his book
And the godliness in it.

* *

Ralph Chaplin, who was convicted under the Espionage Act and is now serving a twenty-year sentence in the Leavenworth Penitentiary, has written, behind prison bars, a little collection of verse, "Bars and Shadows."

MOURN NOT THE DEAD

Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie—
Dust unto dust—
The calm, sweet earth that mothers all who die
As all men must;

Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell—
Too strong to strive—
Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell,
Buried alive;

But rather mourn the apathetic throng—
The cowed and the meek—
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong
And dare not speak!

* *

The poems of Edwin Markham are sermons in verse. They preach a real social gospel. Thus in "Man-Making" he sings:

We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making if
It does not make the man.

Why build these cities glorious
If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the world, unless
The builder also grows.

* *

The following delightful little poem, by J. R. J., appeared in the *London Times*. We think the versifier must have been a woman, for what man would take such joy in "preliminary things?"

ANTICIPATIONS

I love preliminary things,
The tuning-up of flutes and strings;
The little scales musicians play
In varying keys to feel their way;
The hum—the hush in which it dies;
But most to see the curtain rise.

I love preliminary things,
The little box the postman brings;
To cut the twine, to break the seals,
And wonder what the lid reveals;
To lift the folds in which it lies
And watch the gift materialize.

The snowdrop and the daffodil,
The catkins hanging straight and still,
The blossom on the orchard trees,
Do you know greater joys than these?
Each represents the hope that springs
In all preliminary things.

* *

And here is a poem by Elinor Wylie, which appeared in her recent publication, "Nets in the Wind:"

Better to see your cheek grown hollow,
Better to see your temple worn,
Than to forget to follow, follow,
After the sound of a silver horn.

Better to bind your brow with willow
And follow, follow until you die,
Than to sleep with your head on a golden pillow,
Nor lift it up when the hunt goes by.

Better to see your cheek grown sallow
And your hair grown gray, so soon, so soon,
Than to forget to hallo, hallo,
After the milk-white hounds of the moon.

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House

The Privet Hedge. By J. E. Buckrose. $1.75

Miss Ethel and her sister Mrs. Bradford are not old, but they might as well be a hundred apiece, for they imagine, poor dears, that they can shut out the light and changes of time by entrenching themselves behind their privet hedge. The sister, by the by, basks in the halo of a married name throughout the book,—she has the most comfortable chair, and reads while Miss Ethel dusts!

But time goes right on flying and changing, and fluttery Miss Ethel finds shop-girls, who once would have been pleased at her speaking to them, regarding her almost with pity; and little Caroline, her maid, whose family have always been in service and who was promised to Miss Ethel long ago, realizes that if she will she can move herself up on this chessboard of a world.

So continues the eternal struggle of youth for change, and of age against it!

The Portrait of Mrs. W. By Josephine Preston Peabody. $1.75.

This latest play by the author of "The Piper" brings to life a vivid personality of the eighteenth century, neglected by the dramatists—Mary Wollstonecraft, "a being richly human," whose meteoric career was ended by the tragedy of her untimely death "at the hour so looked to for deeds, or utterance."

The characters include Robert Southey, Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble and William Godwin, to whom her death was "the end of everything;" and in the epilogue we read of "young Mr. Shelley" and Mary Godwin—"when Mary was sixteen!"

Homestead Ranch. By Elizabeth C. Young. $1.75.

Miss Young has been a homesteader, and is on her own ground in telling this simple, wholesome story of Robert Holliday and his sister Harriet, who leave "the white-and-green houses sheltered by elms, the church spire on the hill" of their Connecticut home town to seek their fortunes in far-away Idaho.

Of course they work against heavy odds, and trust the wrong people; but friends spring up in their path, the best of whom are Mrs. Robinson, their kind neighbor, and Christopher Garnett, a forest ranger; and they befriend a little girl, and the story ends blithely with "love in a cottage."

Afoot in England. By W. H. Hudson. $3.50.

Who would not like to be afoot in England at this time of the year? But we can at least enjoy this book, which seems doubly new because it has long been out of print in England and is now published for the first time in America.

The chapters have attractive titles, such as On Going Back; Wind, Wave and Spirit; Rural Rides; Bath and Wells Revisited; The Return of the Native; Summer Days on the Otter; In Praise of the Vow, and so on; and there is charm in them all, besprinkled as they are with quaint anecdotes and filled with a delicate love of nature.

The Provincetown Book. By Nancy W. Paine Smith. $1.95.

The old town on the tip of Cape Cod is fortunate in having among her children a daughter who is saturated with her history and traditions, and who, through the eyes of childhood and mature womanhood, has seen the real town and the real people thereof.

Many have come to write the story of this city by the sea, many artists come and carry away bits of its beauty and quaintness, but it has been reserved for Mrs. Nancy W. Paine Smith to write out of the treasure-chambers of her heart the story of her home town as it was and is.

With others who visit this quaint old place, and everybody should go there sometime, we welcome this attractive book, which is to serve as the Town Crier and tell us all we want to know. Whosoever wants to know anything about Provincetown can be instructed in a very charming way by finding what is wanted somewhere in this treasure chest.

Mrs. Smith assumes the role of Town Crier, one of the famous institutions of the town, and like the ancient Crier gives all the important information needed. There is just a bit of history, something about the Pilgrims, the Settlers, how the streets were laid out, the fishing and old whaling interests, the Portuguese, the churches and schools, the art colony, the Monument, the flowers and birds and shells, and the records of the old cemetery where there is a list of names which will command attention. This is but a smattering of the good things awaiting the reader. If you would know Provincetown read the "Provincetown Book."

The Creative Christ. By Rev. Edward S. Drown, D. D. A Study of the Incarnation in Terms of Modern Thought. Price $1.25.

Professor Drown is a liberal conservative. In "The Creative Christ," he gives new content to old dogmas and formulas and a free interpretation to orthodox theology, in an endeavor, which far from fails, to make that theology real for the life and age of to-day. That Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and to-day and forever, means that he is the Man of the ages. If so, then he is the Man for every age. The best that any age can do is to make him real for that age, and then to hand on to new ages the ever-recurring task of understanding him anew. In discussing the deity of Christ, Professor Drown sets aside metaphysics and considers Christ in purely moral terms. "Surely the Christian faith sees in Christ the supreme reality of God," he points out. But of what does that supreme reality consist? If love be the essence of God, then in His Son, in whom the divine love is perfectly realized, we have the deepest expression of the divine being. The doctrine of atonement is certainly not Christian, he declares, if it supposes that some transaction takes place in the divine life which is not in accordance with the ethical principles of the Kingdom of God. It becomes Christian only when it expresses the supreme law of all fellowship—the fellowship of God and the fellowship that comes from God—for the law of vicarious suffering is the law of God, and therefore it is the law of human fellowship.

Henrietta's Inheritance. By Lela Horn Richards. Illustrated. $1.90.

The sequel to "Only Henrietta" tells us how Henrietta Kirby, motherless at seventeen, comes to Vermont to be a companion to Miss Hester Crosby, but first visits the lovely home of her guardian, Mr. Summers, where she meets Dick Bently, who has set up a studio in Boston, boasting of "a bird of a sofa and some right decent chairs," and "a peach of a Lowestoft set."

Miss Crosby proves a difficult problem, but Henrietta makes new friends, the Marsh family, with whom she is very happy, and spends her Christmas week partly with them and the rest with "Uncle Doctor," who comes East on a visit.

By and by Henrietta thaws the icy wall surrounding Miss Crosby's heart, and discovers that she is doubly related to her. Furthermore, she herself is discovered by the one man in the world.

Handbook of Social Resources of the United States. Compiled by Genevieve Poyneer Hendricks and issued by the American Red Cross. Price $1.00.

"The Handbook of Social Resources of the United States" was prepared originally for the use of Red Cross workers, but ministers and others working for community welfare will find it a source of information to which they also should have access. The book is the first of its kind, but fills an urgent need. In it are listed some four hundred national organizations, with a statement as to the resources of each and a description of the scope of its work. The material concerning each organization was obtained through the assistance and bears the official approval of each agency concerned. Thus the book may be considered authoritative and reliable. The Red Cross is to be congratulated upon the service it has rendered.

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

July 19-23. Y. P. C. U. Convention, Worcester, Mass.

July 24-30. Y. P. C. U. Institute, Ferry Beach, Me.

Aug. 18. Plymouth, Mass.

Aug. 29-Sept. 4. Y. P. C. U. and Sunday School Institute, Murray Grove, N. J.

Sept. 5. Vermont Y. P. C. U. Convention, Springfield.

Sept. 11-16. Y. P. C. U. and Sunday School Institute, Chicago, Ill.

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THE EVOLUTION OF A CONVENTION

The Texas Convention, like most of the others where we are organized, used to devote most of its time to listening to sermons. A large proportion of the people who attended came from places where only rarely was there a Universalist service held. Some never had an opportunity to hear a sermon from the end of one convention session until the beginning of the next. Under these conditions it was not remarkable that the conventions were little more than "preach-fests." There was no reason for them to be anything else, for there was practically no business to transact, at least after the time when these conventions had ceased to debate theology and to argue over various statements of the faith.

This was the period in our denominational history when the convention was a rally, with certain conference features, and that was all. Except for the expenses of the convention session, there was no money raised. The convention had no financial responsibilities beyond this.

Gradually there came about a change, which took place before the present generation became active in the work in most places where our constituency is numerous. It can now be witnessed in some states, Texas among the rest. There is still call for a considerable amount of preaching; there is dissatisfaction on the part of the people if every minister present is not heard at least once. Just think what a paradise such a convention would be for those ministers who refuse to attend unless their names appear on the program—and then sometimes only for that one session!

But there is much less preaching than there used to be. I have attended some state conventions where one minister would preach three or four times. As one would say in the current idiom, "them days is gone forever" in almost every state.

Instead, there has come an interest in the extension of the work, and planning for it, that takes the time of the convention sessions and of committee meetings.

The first step in most of the states was the employment of a state superintendent, who was in effect a state pastor, and for whose salary the convention was responsible, each church which he served contributing its proportionate share.

Then came additions to the ministerial force of the Church in the state, and in Texas we are witnessing an interesting development which, so far as I know, has not occurred elsewhere, and that is the financial responsibility of the convention for these other ministers, in addition to the superintendent. How far this policy will be carried on no can say, but it is an interesting experiment. So the state convention is evolving as a financially responsible organization, with increasing obligations, and with plans to meet them.

The Floods Came

Texas farmers have labored almost in vain in the last two years. Low prices for agricultural products have caused large losses to those that succeeded in raising any crops, while the floods in many sections made any crops impossible. Not a few have had to borrow money to pay taxes.

Yet in spite of this, when these farmers and the small town people whose business is dependent upon rural prosperity came to the convention, there was absolute unanimity of opinion that the time had come for a forward movement. There is no more optimistic state in the Union than Texas, and while this year's crops are still a long way from being harvested, the people are sure that in the fall they will have money to finance the church more adequately than ever before.

Ten Thousand Dollars

Plans have been made for larger work, and what is more significant, perhaps, a financial campaign has been undertaken which will provide the necessary funds. The Convention has started to raise ten thousand dollars for its work in the next three years—an amount that would be ridiculously small for Massachusetts or Illinois, but which is large for Texas. It means somewhere in the neighborhood of ten dollars a year for every member of the church in the state, including even the youngest.

Under the direction of the Convention, an every-member canvass will be conducted throughout the state. Of course it can not be a one-day canvass such as all progressive local parishes undertake, but the same general procedure will be followed. And whatever the financial results may be, there will be one outcome that will be worth all that the canvass will cost in time and thought and energy—an education in the obligation of every member to support his church financially as well as in other ways.

With such wise planning, and with the spirit in the hearts of the officers of the Convention and the ministers of the state, there will be a real forward movement in Texas Universalism.

Stanley Manning.

Boston, July 14.

For the Quiet Hour

There is nothing in the universe I fear, except that I may not know my duty, or may fail to do it.

Mary Lyon.

The first clear ray of the star that shone out above the manger of Bethlehem was the truth that God cares for men. He had not left us in hopeless and unthinking darkness. The fact that we care even enough to doubt and question, is evidence that He cares. Our very questionings are half-answers, affirming that the God who made us to doubt and question is Himself the answer to our quest.

William E. Barton.

Converse with God reaches its highest level when, alone with Him, I pour out in His listening ear everything in my heart; and the manner in which I have learned that secret and live in the power of it is the measure of joy and strength of a great friendship with God.

Campbell Morgan.

Men are wrong with each other because they are wrong with God. Sin is the one and only disturber of the peace, and sin is the transgression of the infinite law of righteousness and love under which the soul lives. The way to peace lies through the cleansing of the inward life from all unclean and selfish thoughts and purposes. It lies through the vision of God, that brings with it the true vision of life.

Percy C. Ainsworth.

Christian prayer is the development, the realization of man's true nature, which is to live in conscious acceptance of, and conscious response to, the love of God, ordering the play of all his energies in the way that love dictates.

J. R. Illingworth.

Meditation is not an act of the mind only, but of the whole man, so that the Word stirs thought, and thought stirs prayer, and prayer passes into communion, and communion reveals new matter for meditation.

Mark Guy Pearse.

If we would form a picture of the heavenly life, we have, then, only to take what is most divine in the earthly life—the gladness of thought, the communion of love, the blessedness of service, the ecstasy of worship, the contemplation of the divine. These are of the spirit and partake of eternity.

Charles Carroll Everett.

Our grand business in life isn't to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

Carlyle.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

WILL YOU MEET US THERE?

Once again Ferry Beach and Murray Grove, those hallowed havens of the Universalist Church, call our women to participation in the best Missionary Institutes that we have ever held.

At Ferry Beach classes will begin Monday morning, Aug. 7, continuing for six days. The subject this year centers about the most fascinating country of the world — India the mysterious, India the religious, India the starved, but India the awakened, the aspiring, the promise of great gifts to the Kingdom in the future as she has been the giver of great gifts to the beauty and life of the world in the past.

Mrs. Maude Lyon Cary, who taught the senior book last year, will give a series of talks on "Lighted to Lighten," which she recommends for use in Mission Circles as program material at the regular meetings. The author, Miss Alice B. Van Doren of the Arcot Mission, Madras Presidency, has given us just the book for this purpose. It is short, concrete, inspiring — a book that may be presented in so interesting a manner as to win women who have held aloof because of lack of missionary vision. Go to an Institute and give your mission study chairman an opportunity to show you how to appeal to these women.

The class on Methods for Mission Circles will be led by Mrs. Julia Marley of Gardiner, Me. Mrs. Marley is new to Ferry Beach, but a most efficient and popular teacher in her home town.

The junior books—"India on the March" and "The Wonderland of India"—together with general methods on Junior mission study, will be presented by Miss Susan M. Andrews. These books are of unusual charm and may be ranked among the most fascinating children's literature of recent years.

At Murray Grove the Missionary Institute will be held Aug. 22-26 inclusive. The board has been reduced to ten dollars a week and this should mean an unusually large attendance. May our hopes be fulfilled by an institute of inspiring members!

Rev. Nellie Alvord will teach Methods and Mrs. Cary will have the classes on the Senior and Junior books. Here is an opportunity to visit the shrine of Universalism and to learn the latest methods of making mission study attractive.

At both Institutes there will be pageants, dramatic presentations and evening entertainments.

Shall we see you there?

Maude Lyon Cary,
Mission Study Chairman, W. N. M. A.

To India

Land of the shimmering sea and stately palm,
Recurrent restlessness, majestic calm,
Land of the sun-parched plain and snow-pearled peak,
Sublimely strong, pathetically weak!
Land of unfathomed age, yet fount of youth,
Swiftest yet slowest in the Quest for Truth!
Of old, in cell and cave and hermitage,
In forest dim dwelt many a saintly sage,
Striving by prayer and penance for the key
To ope the door of Karma and be free.
Yet millions now bow down to wood and stone
That haply they may find the Great Unknown!
"Land of the Quest, I hear within thy breast
The throb of that great heart that yearns for rest.
I come to claim thee," thus the Master saith,
"I am the goal of all thy groping faith,
Thy longing and thy love. Come unto Me,
Thy quest is ended. I can make thee free."

Selected.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

DAILY VACATION BIBLE SCHOOLS

For many children the long summer vacation is a time of danger and degeneration. It ought to be one of upbuilding and profit. Therefore the Daily Vacation Bible Schools, which are doubling in number every year.

Our school at East Boston reopens this year with prospects for a season even more successful than that of 1921. Mr. W. D. Veazie, of Malden, is the principal.

We expect to be able to report several other good schools.

* *

UNITARIANS SEE THE POINT

The Unitarian Church has had two great forward movements and is preparing for a third. The first was for money and the second was for members, both successful enough to make everybody take notice and inquire into the new manifestation of life and power.

The third is to be for religious education. Rev. Minot J. Simmons, leader of their aggressive campaign, in a pronouncement entitled "What Next?" definitely summons the denomination to "call its reserves." The great strength of the virile Unitarian Laymen's League is to be put into an effort to gain members for the Sunday schools and to give them thorough-going training for citizenship and churchmanship. His language sounds very familiar to us. We are very glad that our sister Church is placing the emphasis on the right place, and we shall watch with joy the success which it undoubtedly will attain.

* *

PENNSYLVANIA STEPS FORWARD

Miss Jennie Lois Ellis is to be State Sunday School worker in Pennsylvania. This is good news for the friends of this sterling Universalist girl, and it is good news for the Keystone State. She will begin her service on September first, taking the tite of "Field Worker" or "Sunday School Missionary."

President Gartley says: "We are now in a position to put a worker in a parish and keep her there long enough for her to get a school started and running before she is called away on other duties."

Having been particularly interested in Pennsylvania parishes and people, we are very happy about this progress.

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ABOUT ORGANIZED CLASSES

Miss Inez E. Warner, of Albion, N. Y., is leader of organized class work for her state and is a young woman of unusual enthusiasm and efficiency. She writes:

"From the reports that I have received I judge that the organized classes are doing splendid work and real social service. The young people are taking up the church and school work with enthusiasm and are volunteering as teachers and assistants. I look for this to be the best year in our history. Don't you?"

Yes, Miss Warner.

* *

LOS ANGELES GROWS

Dr. Nash and his virile associates continue to hustle and they get their reward. Here are some figures that talk. The Easter attendance in 1920 was 75; in 1921, 118; in 1922, 151. The average attendance for May in 1920 was 52; in 1921, 113; in 1922, 121.

It is consistent work and continued growth that give us most satisfaction.

* *

ANOTHER SEVEN-YEAR RECORD

From the First Church in Providence comes the testimony that Ottillie Kerr has not been absent from Sunday school for seven years. Good for Rhode Island. Make it fourteen, Ottillie.

* *

BOOKS TO GIVE—MORE BOOKS WANTED

The General Sunday School Association receives and gives away second-hand story books and singing books. Who can use some, not quite up-to-date and not quite new, but still in serviceable condition? Who has such volumes to contribute? We desire to be a clearing-house.

Among Our Churches

Southern Letter

The glories of the South never fade. From orange time to watermelons, and from watermelons to oranges, it is just one succession of fruits and flowers and vegetables. Neither does religious enthusiasm ever die out. Right now in the middle of the summer, when our Northern churches are thinking of shutting up for a while, our Southern churches are just warming up to their task. * * I began our summer's evangelistic work by going to Chattanooga to help Brother Gay in a two weeks series of meetings. Mr. Gay had been carrying these meetings along a little over one week when I arrived. The interest in the meetings continued even after I started to preach, and Mr. Gay feels that his church was greatly benefited. Right here I want to say a word about the work Brother Gay is doing in Chattanooga. He has so identified himself with the best things of the city that he has become a part of its development. Schools, lodges, libraries, municipal officers and affairs call upon him and value his services. * * After these meetings at Chattanooga were finished Mr. Gay went into Kentucky and helped Mr. Chapman in a series of meetings. Then we called Mr. Gay down into Alabama and for eight days we held forth at Chapman. From the beginning these meetings were largely attended. Each noon we spoke to from a hundred to two hundred men in the great saw-mills. Before Mr. Gay was through we had to move out of the church to larger quarters in the schoolhouse. During the meetings eight persons united with the church and at the close a new church organization was effected. * * Recently I visited two of the larger cities of Georgia. At Columbus Rev. A. G. Strain had some time before organized a church society. Here I preached three times and found a very fine set of people anxious to go forward in the establishment of a church. The old problem came up good and strong, "Where are we going to get a minister?" We are waiting now to hear a voice say, "Here am I, send me." * * At Athens, the seat of the state university, the Georgia people have long been anxious to establish a church. On May 28 I preached here and found a group of splendid Universalists who want services as often as possible. Some committees were appointed at this time and these have since secured a very desirable place to hold services and secured funds enough to warrant having services at least once a month. A Sunday school and Y. P. C. U. already were at work and it looks like the beginning of a church. * * Along with the other things that are going on in the South is a great wave of church building. The South is erecting some magnificent temples of worship. We are doing our bit. The Pensacola church has been redecorated and painted and certainly presents an attractive appearance. And, by the way, Mr. and Mrs. Richards are doing a great work there and it will be a tragedy when they go, as it seems they must, to St. Petersburg. I wish our denomination could know beautiful Pensacola and its loyal people. We would not let the church there suffer as it has suffered in the past. * * A few days ago I was in Brewton, Alabama, and saw the wreck we once called our church. It reminded me of the battle-fields of France—nothing but two walls standing. The Brewton people started to remodel; they are ending up with what will be practically a new church. An article in the *Birmingham Age-Herald* says: "When completed the Brewton Universalist Church will be one of the handsomest structures in the South." It will be ready for our State Convention in November. * * Last Sunday we dedicated the beautiful little church at Garland, Alabama. This church is a notable achievement. In exactly eleven months from the time I first preached in Garland these people organized, raised money, built and dedicated their church. The church is of Colonial design, and presents a handsome appearance. One of the large columns in the front of the church was dedicated to the memory of Rev. E. B. Arms, who for many years lived and preached in this community. Another was dedicated to the memory of Dr. Peacock and wife, who were devoted Universalists of years gone by. At the morning service several new members were received into fellowship. Then, the dedication completed, we were all invited to dinner out under the great oaks. It was a glorious occasion. * * Had I time I should like to tell a real human interest story which came to me over the telephone a few days ago. It began in a little village in southern Russia, followed through the streets of Chicago, was given direction by one of our well-known ministers, Mrs. Kollock-Crooker, ran through four years at Lombard, and several years of professional life on the Gulf Coast and in the mountains of North Carolina, and now comes back in the deepest gratitude to Mrs. Crooker, Dr. Nehemiah White of sainted memory, Lombard College, and the Universalist denomination in general.

F. B. Bishop.

Southwest Letter

The writer is happy to report general progress throughout this region. The pastors are hard - working, practical men. The churches approach the vacation period with work in all departments in good shape. * * Evangelistic meetings for the early autumn have been arranged for Melvern, Kansas, and for Friendship, Missouri. We are also planning to conduct similar meetings at two or three places in Arkansas. * * Miss Helen Line, daughter of our pastor at Junction City, who is a student at Chicago University and who is preparing for the foreign mission field, delivered an excellent sermon from her father's pulpit on a recent Sunday night. She will visit several of our Kansas and Missouri parishes during the summer bearing the message and breathing the spirit of the work of our young people. * * Rev. Stanley Manning, Director of the Y. P. C. U., visited Kansas in June, delivering two sermons in Junction City and one at the Briggs Mission. Stanley always imparts a measure of his unfailing enthusiasm and does us good. We are already looking forward to his next visit. * * The church at Elmer, Missouri, has been repainted, reinsured and electric lights have been installed with all bills paid. This is one of the foremost churches in the denomination in the amount of money raised per capita and it is all done by free-will offerings. * * Interest in our services at Livonia increases. Friends from Queen City and from Unionville, distant twelve and twenty miles respectively, are attending. Recently some uninformed ministers of the evangelistic type have held meetings in the village. Their "fundamentalism" and extravagant utterances have contrasted sharply with our services and have turned the thoughtful people of the community toward us. There has never been a time in the history of the parish when interest in our church was so general or the support of its services so liberal. The pastor delivered the address to the high school graduates last month. * * On June 22 a meeting was held in the home of Mrs. Narcissa Mairs in Unionville, the original home of the Putnam Fadeless Dyes. This is one of the most progressive communities in northern Missouri and we have several families here of our faith. At the above meeting we arranged for monthly preaching. Mrs. Daisy Riggs has charge of the campaign for the Washington Memorial and the Perin-Cate Home in the two parishes, Unionville and Livonia. * * The work in Hutchinson, Kansas, goes steadily forward under the efficient leadership of Rev. George A. Miller. This church will entertain the State Convention in October. Already a splendid program is being arranged. We are anticipating the largest and best convention in our history. * * The Junction City church reports its work flourishing in every department. The

Ladies' Social Circle has just closed one of the best years in its history, the Missionary Association has increased its membership. The Sunday school maintains its forward stride under the veteran leadership of Superintendent Manley, the chorus choir (Miss Jennie Trott, director) is rendering most excellent music. The interior of the church has been beautifully painted and decorated. Rev. Fred A. Line, who has served this church with such marked success during the past three years, resigns the pastorate to accept a larger field of service in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Tulsa has become one of the really important cities in a rapidly developing section, and we anticipate for Mr. Line great success in his new pastorate. Mr. Line has not only done a great work in the church here, increasing its strength and efficiency in every department, but he has also filled a large place in the social and civic activities of the city and county. He and his incomparable wife with their splendid daughters go with our love and blessing.

James Houghton.

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

July 24-30. Y. P. C. U. Institute, Ferry Beach, Me.

July 15-Sept. 5. Universalist Summer Gatherings, Murray Grove, N. J.

July 28-Aug. 7. Southern Universalist Young People's Institute, Chattanooga, Tenn.

July 31-Aug. 5. G. S. S. A. Institute, Ferry Beach.

Aug. 1. Ferry Beach Fair.

Aug. 7-13. Missionary Institute at Ferry Beach.

Aug. 12-13. National Universalist Comrades Days, Ferry Beach Park, Me.

Aug. 13-27. Vacation period at Ferry Beach.

Aug. 17. Annual Meeting, Murray Grove.

Aug. 18. Fair, Murray Grove.

Aug. 18, 19, 20. Universalist Institute and Reunion with Field Day, Plymouth, Mass.

Aug. 22-26. W. N. M. A. Institute, Murray Grove.

Aug. 29-Sept. 4. G. S. S. A., Y. P. C. U. Institutes, Murray Grove.

Sept. 4-7. Vermont and Province of Quebec Convention, Springfield, Vt.

Sept. 21-24. North Carolina Convention, Outlaw's Bridge.

Oct. 19-22. Kentucky Convention.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported	1,639
North Olmstead, Ohio	4
Oakfield, Maine	3
Pawtucket, R. I.	5
Total	1,651

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 631. Haverhill, Mass., 11. North Olmstead, Ohio, 4. East Corinth, Vt., 2. Oakfield, Me., 15. Pawtucket, R. I., 12. Whitesville, N. Y., 7. Total, 682.

PERSONAL

Dr. Samuel P. Capen, Tufts, '98, son of the late President E. H. Capen of Tufts, has just been elected Chancellor of the University of Buffalo. Dr. Capen has been for some years a specialist on the staff of the United States Bureau of Education in Washington, and also Director of the American Council of Education. He has conducted educational surveys in various parts of the United States. He was formerly professor of modern languages and lecturer on school administration at Clark College, Worcester, Mass. He married Grace Duncan Wright, daughter of the late Carroll D. Wright. Dr. Capen is a recognized authority on educational organization and administration. The University of Buffalo has just finished a successful drive for an endowment fund and now calls Dr. Capen "to build the greater university." We congratulate the university upon calling a real educator and Dr. Capen upon a great opportunity.

Iowa

Osage.—Rev. A. W. Altenbern, pastor. The fourth year of the present pastorate began July 3. Our minister recently returned from a trip to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he attended the annual convention of the International Association of Lions Clubs, as a delegate from the local club. The trip was tendered him as a token of appreciation of his services as secretary of the Osage Lions, of which he was a charter member, and on his return he was re-elected to that office for the second year. Rev. Jennie B. Hitchcock, our former pastor, occupied the pulpit during Mr. Altenbern's absence. Many of her friends, other than those of the church, turned out to hear her speak on "Universalism and World Democracy." The State Convention was entertained here early in June and the church was highly commended for its hospitality to and entertainment of the delegates and visitors. The largest Gunn Ministerial Relief Fund offering received in recent years was taken. June 30 the annual church and Sunday school picnic was held at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Arad Hitchcock. The Mission Circle held its last meeting until September at the same time, the Aid Society attending. The attendance at the picnic was much larger than in the past few years. Mr. Altenbern gave the Memorial Sunday sermon at a union service, being invited to do so by the local Legion post.

Massachusetts

Haverhill.—Rev. Leroy W. Coons, D. D., pastor. After one of the busiest and most profitable years this church has ever experienced we have closed for the summer vacation. Services will be resumed upon the second Sunday of September. During the vacation season our minister is preaching five Sundays at the Universalist church at West Somerville. On July 4, as last year, Dr. Coons was the speaker at the patriotic exercises held at Hotel Wentworth, Newcastle, N. H. The minister and his family will spend part of the vacation in an automobile trip through the Adirondacks to Canton, N. Y., and across the state of Ohio to the old home of Dr. Coons at Eldorado, Ohio. On our Children's Day, June 18, the rain poured steadily and did its best to defeat our plans. The children's program, however, was carried through without the slightest change. Eleven children were christened. The decorations, arranged by Miss Sarah E. Blaisdell, were wonderfully elaborate and beautiful. Our Sunday school is to send three of its young people to summer schools. Two young teachers, Miss Campbell and Miss Ingham, are going to Ferry Beach; and one of our young men, Charles Wyman, is to study Boy Scout work at Northfield. We have found that our best teachers are those who have had the benefit of the training of the summer school. Miss Mary F. Slaughter, engaged as our church assistant, is now visiting her home in Camp Hill, Ala. She will return to take up her work the first of September.

New Jersey

Newark.—Rev. Henry R. Rose, D. D., pastor. Our Sunday school joined with three others of the city and made a party of over a thousand for a grand picnic at Asbury Park. Mr. Frank M. Ward was in charge of the Universalist contingent. The day was a glorious success.

New York

Whitesville.—Rev. K. Oosterhuis, pastor. Successful Children's Day exercises were held at our church Sunday, July 9. A good program was carried out and seven children were christened. The church was well filled.

Ohio

North Olmstead.—Rev. E. V. Stevens, pastor. An event of special interest was the gathering of the friends on June 10 for celebrating the clearing of the parsonage from all indebtedness. The church undertook to build the parsonage in 1917 and received pledges on a five-year basis of payment. These pledges were mostly paid in full and on time. The notes given by the trustees were paid June 1, and at the gathering were burned. The house is well located on a roomy lot with fruit and shade trees and garden and a large lawn, and is thoroughly modern and attractive. It is worth at least $7500, and means much to the minister's family. The church is

keeping up its interest and work well into the summer in spite of the fact that these people are fruit and truck farmers and very busy from May to October. The high-class moving pictures shown each Friday night are a real feature of the community work of this church. The playground joining the church lot is now open and much in use. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens will go east for a six weeks' vacation about the middle of July. Four members were received into the church and four children dedicated on Children's Day.

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GOOD SENSE AT MURRAY GROVE

The House Committee for Murray Grove has issued a folder giving the rules and regulations for 1922, not blue laws at all, but simple requirements which any thoughtful person will be glad to accept without question. The Committee is very wise to express itself in black and white, so that every attendant may understand just what is expected and may, with joy, conduct himself accordingly.

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Notices

FERRY BEACH NOTES

The Ferry Beach season is from July 21 to August 27. The institutes are as follows: Young People's Week, July 24-30. Sunday School Institute, July 31-August 6. Missionary Institute, August 7-13. Comrades' Days, Mr. Fred C. Carr of Providence, R. I., chairman, Aug. 12-13.

Preaching services have been arranged as follows: July 23, morning, Rev. L. G. Williams, afternoon, Dr. W. R. Rowland. July 26, Rev. George H. Welch. July 30, morning, Rev. D. E. Trout, afternoon, Rev. Isaac Smith. Aug. 2, Rev. F. O. Hokerk. Aug. 6, morning, Dr. Harold Marshall, afternoon, Rev. I. V. Lobdell. Aug. 9, Mr. Percy Smith. Aug. 13, morning, Dr. F. O. Hall.

Lectures will be given during the sessions by Rev. John Edwin Price of Cincinnati, Miss Elizabeth Rose of New Haven, and Dr. Hall.

The dining room will be in charge of Mrs. Semple of Attleboro, Mass., and Miss Elsie Welch of Essex Conn., is to be matron. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Bliss of Plainfield, Vt., will have charge of the tents.

Rates are as follows: Board, $11 a week (children half price). Rooms: Quillen House, $3; the Underwood, $4; the Cottage for Women, $3; the Men's Dormitory, $3; the Pavilion, $2. Tents, per person, $2. Rooms are for two persons.

Annual membership in the Association is $1.00 a year. Life membership, $25, and for $100 one may become a patron member. Our plant, consisting of two hotels, cottage, pavilion, and beautiful grove, represents an investment of thousands of dollars. We want to have it serve many more people yearly and thus spread its influence.

Application for accommodations and all requests for information should be addressed to the secretary Rev. Clinton Scott, 1620 Master St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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MURRAY GROVE

Season opens July 15. Preaching services have been arranged thus far as follows: July 16, Rev. John van Schaick, D. D. July 23, Rev. Charles Kramer. July 30, Rev. T. E. Potterton, D. D. Aug. 6, Rev. J. S. Lowe, D. D. Aug. 13, Rev. G. E. Huntley, D. D. Aug. 20, Rev. W. H. McGlauflin, D. D. Aug. 27, Rev. J. M. Atwood, D. D. Sept. 3, Rev. Stanley Manning.

On July 28 Dr. Potterton will give a stereopticon travelogue. The Birthday Party is Aug. 12, the annual meeting Aug. 17, the fair Aug. 18 and 19.

Aug. 22-26. W. N. M. A. Institute.

Aug. 29-Sept. 4. G. S. S. A. and Y. P. C. U. Institute.

Sept. 5. Closing.

Buy tickets from the north for Forked River and from the south for Lanoka. Ask the conductor to stop at the Murray Grove station.

Address mail to Murray Grove House, Forked River, N. J.

Apply for accommodations to Rev. Charles Kramer, at the Murray Grove House.

The Fair

Send donations of money, useful and fancy articles before Aug. 1 to the chairman, Mrs. Walter Gabell, 6600 N. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa., after Aug. 1 to Murray Grove House, Forked River, N, J.

There will be tables representing the W. N. M. A., the Comrades, the G. S. S. A., and the Y. P. C. U., the Junior Y. P. C. U., and the Cradle Roll.

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SUMMER SERVICES

Sunday services will be held during the months of July and August in Greater Boston Universalist Churches as follows:

August 13, 20, 27. Waltham, 10.30 a. m.

George E. Leighton,
Superintendent.

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WANTED

A Postal Card Shower

Every State and every local Home Department Superintendent throughout our Zion is earnestly requested to send in the first out-going fast mail a postal card bearing some helpful suggestions or some cheery bit of Home Department news.

Sara L. Stoner,
National Superintendent Home Department.
Box 236, Prospect, Ohio.

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FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE VERMONT AND QUEBEC

July 10. Transfer of Rev. George W. Scudder from Massachusetts accepted.

George F. Fortier, Clerk.

* *

Married

Lilly-Sowle.—In Melrose, Mass., May 31, by Rev. Lester L. Lewis, Howard C. Lilly and Ruth H. Sowle.

Linnell-Bearse. In Melrose, Mass., June 24, by Rev. Lester L. Lewis, Alton James Linnell and Helen Willard Bearse.

Kimball-Harper.—In Melrose, June 24, by Rev. Lester L. Lewis, Grenville W. Kimball and Frances Young Harper.

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Obituary

William Henry Wilson

William Henry Wilson, a life-long resident of the Devon district, near New Castle, Indiana, died June 22. For three-quarters of a century he had lived within a few rods of the Devon Universalist church, having been born on the farm next to the one he lived on in later years. He was one of God's true Christian gentlemen. As teacher, citizen, honored public official, husband and father, and "defender of the faith," he was without a peer. In 1890 he united with the Devon church.

Mr. Wilson stood as a witness and living demonstration of the power of our faith to produce a white life, and brotherhood to mankind. He stayed at home, but was known throughout the entire region. More than five hundred neighbors and friends, from miles around, gathered at the funeral service, which was held from the residence, Sunday afternoon, June 25. Rev. Harry Adams Hersey, of Muncie, officiated, assisted by the Rev. F. C. McCormick, for nineteen years virtually a regional pastor, though actually pastor of two Christian (Disciples) churches several miles from Devon.

Mr. Wilson is survived by his widow, a daughter and son-in-law, two grandchildren, a brother and two sisters.

Miss Dollie Coe

Dollie Coe, youngest of the four children of Andrew J. and Mercy A. Coe, died June 2, 1922, at the home where she was born sixty-one years ago, in North Olmstead, Ohio. The Coe family have been actively identified with the history and varied interests of North Olmstead for nearly one hundred years. The grandfather, Asher M. Coe, came to the land still owned by the family in 1823. The Universalist church of which Miss Coe was a member was for many years known as the Coe Ridge church. This church was fostered from the first and has been kept active through the years largely by the constant interest of the Coe family. In the early days of the Y. P. C. U. Miss Coe took an active interest, and attended the famous Boston 1895 Convention. More recently the Sunday school has received her special attention. This work, however, has in no way hindered her from most constant support and attendance upon the regular worship of the church. Always the friend and ally of the minister, she always has co-operated to make the church efficient and a denominational asset. For a number of years she has been the missionary secretary of the church and upon her recommendations the offerings of the church have been based. Her devoted interest and fine Christian spirit will remain for years as a power in this church.

She is survived by but two immediate members of the family, Asher M. and Florence. Interment was in the family lot in the cemetery, but a few steps from her home. Services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. E. V. Stevens.

E. V. S.

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We fear the worst when the people of Georgia discover that Texas has beaten their lynching record.—*Columbia Record.*

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A London dispatch says peace is in sight in Ireland. We thought there were more Irishmen left than that.—*Rochester Herald.*

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Books on etiquette are painfully silent concerning the graceful way to scratch a mosquito bite in public.—*Palatka News.*

* *

John was continually being punished by his teacher for talking during class. He was found busily engaged one evening writing over and over, "I talked in school."

His mother, seeing this, said, "I'm sorry to see that you talked in school to-day, John."

"Oh," Johnny replied, "this isn't for to-day; this is for to-morrow."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

* *

It is in the cemetery at South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, by the way, that the sign appears: "Persons are prohibited from picking flowers from any but their own graves."—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

* *

Prof.: "Wake that fellow next to you, will you?"

Student: "Aw, do it yourself, you put him to sleep."—*Punch Bowl.*

* *

Push-ball played by teams of three motor-cars a side is providing America's new thrill. Push-pedestrian, with an unlimited team of motorists, still furnishes all the excitement we want at home.—*Punch (London).*

* *

Teddy: "I wish I hadn't licked Jimmy Brown this morning."

Mamma: "You see how wrong it was, don't you, dear?"

Teddy: "Yes, 'cause I didn't know till noon that he was going to give a party."—*Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati).*

* *

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